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☞ All communications, as well as letters of business, should be addressed to THE PUBLISHER.

For the Register.

A LOST VERSE OF THE BIBLE RESTORED.

MESSRS. EDITORS,—In comparing the received version of the Bible, with the one used by the Catholics, commonly called the Douay Bible, I have remarked several variations, not affecting points of Doctrine, but curious in themselves, and interesting to us all, as affecting the sacred records, which all sects equally venerate. In one instance, I find a whole sentence, in the Catholic Bible, which is not in ours, and which is evidently an essential part of the narrative. But first let me remind your readers that our version of the Bible, commonly called King James's Bible, is not the first that was made into English after the Reformation. Many preceded it, some the work of private individuals, others under the auspices of Church or State authorities. The following is a list of the principal ones, with their dates,—

Tyndal's	.	1526 New Testament; 1536—Old.
Coverdale's	.	1535
John Rogers's (called Matthewe's)	.	1537
Cranmer's	.	1539
Taverner's	.	1539
Geneva	.	1560
Bishop's	.	1568
Douay	.	1582 to 1609
King James's	.	1611

It will thus be perceived that it was nearly 100 years, after the first attempts, before our English Bible took the form it now has. Probably, as a whole, it is preferable to either of the others; but it is not unlikely that each of the others may occasionally have succeeded better in giving the sense of particular passages.

In 1st Samuel, ch. iv. it is recorded, how the Israelites, having been defeated by the Philistines, conceived the idea of taking the Ark of the Lord into battle with them, trusting that its presence would give them success, in the next encounter. They did so, and were defeated, and the Ark was taken by the Philistines. It was seven months in their possession; but in whatever city it was kept, plagues and afflictions befel that city. In ch. 5, verse vi. we are told—"the hand of the Lord was heavy upon them of Ashdod, and he destroyed them, and smote them with Emerods, even Ashdod, and the coasts thereof." In consequence of these inflictions, the Philistines, by advice of their priests and diviner, determined to send back the Ark to the Israelites, and to send with it a "trespass offering." In ch. 6, verse iv. we read, "Then said they, What shall be the trespass offering, which we shall return to him? They answered, Five golden Emerods and five golden mice, &c." This is the first mention of the *mice*, as constituting any part of the plague; and from this and the next verse, we first learn that fact. Now the missing sentence, which, in the Catholic Bible, forms part of verse 6, ch. v. is as follows. "And in the villages and fields, in the midst of that country, there came forth a multitude of *mice*, and there was the confusion of a great mortality in the city."

I wish your readers, who have the means of comparing the various versions, and the original; and, in particular, the learned and intelligent author of the interesting article, upon the subject, in the last Christian Examiner, would tell us what authority there is for this verse, and trace, if they can, how it came to be dropped out of our version. T. B.

[The passage quoted by our correspondent from the Douay Bible is found neither in the original Hebrew, nor in the Chaldee, Syriac, or Arabic versions. It occurs however in the Septuagint. The statement, which it contains, is extremely probable. It may have been either a current tradition, or a conjecture of the Greek translators. It may have been written by them as a marginal note, and subsequently crept into the text; or they may have inserted it as necessary to give completeness to the narrative, which is the less improbable, as they not unfrequently let their translation run into paraphrase or commentary. The Douay Bible is a translation, not from the Hebrew, but from the Vulgate Latin; and that, though professedly from the Hebrew, in reality follows the Septuagint in a large portion of its additions and various readings. EDS.]

[For the Register.]

Within the present year, business has called me into various parts of our venerable Commonwealth, where from time to time it has been my privilege to enjoy the hospitality of the brethren. It so happened that Saturday night found me on one of these occasions in the thriving village of ——— When I awoke on the following morning, the busy hum of labor had ceased, and the quiet stillness around seemed to invite to worship. Having inquired for the location of the church of our faith, at the usual hour I went thither, and found a chaste little edifice, situated in a pleasant part of the village. The regular pastor officiated, and I was not disappointed in my expectations of him; his sermon was well written, and delivered with animation, and at some points he was truly eloquent. The choir, and organist, performed their parts in a manner not usual in country parishes. Becoming accidentally acquainted with a member of this Society, and the conversation naturally turning upon matters connected with it, I inquired the reason of so small a congregation, where every external appearance was so promising. He answered by giving me a brief history of the Society. "When our pastor came here it numbered about the same as now, perhaps not quite so many; at first many were attracted by his preaching, for he has ever pursued an independent course, and seemed to pride himself in being a *bold* speaker, with no soft words for the opulent, and has *dared* to speak of wickedness in high places, in no honied words, trusting thereby, I think, to have it said "the common people heard him gladly;" and so they did, but the "PASTORAL CALLS" have killed him; for in these he has too often forgotten the nature of his high calling, and laid aside the dignity becoming the Christian Minister, and descended to the discussion of village gossip, commenting upon the peculiarities of one and another of his parishioners, in respect to dress or character. The subject of religion has not been made the basis of his conversations, but rather the contrary, seeming to endeavor to have a *jolly* time instead of a *happy* one; thus dispelling every serious emotion, and leading those who were his listeners, to question themselves, whether they had properly understood the nature of true religion, or whether their minister preached for any other purpose than because it was his trade. Hence the smallness of our congregation, of which you speak; it is not that there is no religious interest here, for there have been from time to time several revivals, and the time has been immediately after, when many were asking "what shall we do" and seeking for a more simple and reasonable faith than that offered by the, so called, evangelical churches around us; these moments should have been improved, and the "word in season" spoken, and souls led by this shepherd of a flock, to lie down in the green pastures of the Lord. I have often wished that more of the cheerful dignity of the master shone out through the character of this his embassador, in his intercourse with his people. There is little interest in the society, and, I am sorry to say it, less in the church; but few have been added to it since he came among us; he sees it, and is often asking the cause, and regretting the fact; but could he once be made to see that the life of a minister of Christ should be one harmonious whole, in word and deed; in his public ministrations, and his daily walk and conversation, I think he might gather a church and a congregation, from which at last he could present many, as the seals of his ministry."

For the Register.

Died in Barnstable, Dec. 2d, Mrs. THANKFUL HEDGE, aged 81 years and 9 months.

Because the death of this aged mother has a general as well as particular interest, at the request of her children, that her memory may be embalmed in the *register* of the opinions she loved and supported by her life and her purse, I send an extract from a Sermon preached the Sunday after her death. The subject of the discourse, began before her decease, was the inviolability of the Truth. There are established grounds of action; there are paths that lead to happiness. There is something fixed and reliable. We are not the sport of chance. We are not in the power of the crafty and the selfish and the hard hearted. The Truth will out; it must out; nothing can hinder it. If men do not utter it, it will come in whispers on the breeze; it will be heard in the sound of the rain, in the rattling of the hail, in the moaning of the sea—the very stones will cry out—for come it must and will. While attempting to enforce this view, God was gently loosing the bonds that bound our aged mother to earth and setting her spirit free. God was verifying his promises to his faithful servant and supporting her failing form and giving her a calm and happy passage through the dark valley. We deal with certainties. There is something to depend upon.

It is due to the memory of a faithful servant of God that we cherish her memory, her reverent example, her piety and trust in the God of Truth.

You all knew our departed friend better than I. A long life of good works and kind manners had endeared her to many. Her presence was hailed with joy in many a home. She had known good and ill fortune, but her faith in God never failed her. God's justice and over-ruling Providence was her constant theme. "It must be well with him" she said, speaking of one dear to her who was battling with difficulties, "because he has done right."

Our departed sister had great enjoyments. A happy temperament, supported and colored by a sincere piety, gave a glow and enthusiasm to her last years; imparted activity to her frame, and the mind and heart within her, kept up, in an unusual manner, energies almost youthful. She loved children and the children loved her. She could make herself a pleasant companion to them, join in their feelings and sympathise in their wishes and hopes. She was emphatically a useful person. She was a burden to no one. A pension of four dollars a month with the labor of her busy fingers more than gave her a support, and she was a subscriber to a paper (her own) and gave her mite to all the great objections of religious associations and benefactions. She prided herself not a little, as well she might, in the products of her ingenuity and industry. She made only things useful and enduring, for service. She was never idle when any had wants she could supply.

She died as one going to sleep, without fear, in the midst of her descendants, and now lies near the graves of her kindred. Her spirit would be grieved did we not notice her loss in the Church she was accustomed to frequent, and near the altar where she made her vows. Hither she walked in good weather, to and fro, the distance of a mile; and did so, believing that if she did not forget God, God would not forget her. And he did not, for her end was peace. The neighborhood where she resided will miss her busy, cheerful presence. We shall miss her here, the benediction of her greeting, her example, her faith. Indeed we deal with certainties. There is Truth in the world: there is a way that leadeth to life. Well would it be with all of us if, like her, we depended upon God.

LETTER TO A CLERGYMAN ABOUT TO BUILD.

[The following excellent advice is from a letter of Sir T. Fowell Buxton.]

I hear you are going to build; no doubt you will do it with excellent taste; then it will require to be suitably furnished; then the ground must be improved about it, and by that time, your heart will be in it. I am sure that house will lead to your secularization. It will melt you down towards an ordinary country parson; not the parson who loves his dinner and his claret, but rather towards that refined class of triflers, who exquisitely embellish houses and gardens, and who leave the minds and souls of their flocks to take care of themselves. You see I have scratched out "into" and inserted "towards" because I am bound in truth to confess, that I am sure you will, under any circumstances, and in spite of all seductions, be an exemplary clergyman. You will have your schools, and your weekday services, and your sound, lively evangelical doctrine n the pulpit; but what I mean to say is, that just so much of your affections as you give to your house, exactly so much will you withdraw from your parish.

After all, the discharge of a man's duty, and, *a portion*, of a clergyman's duty, requires all the strength he can give it. The world, and the spirit of the world, are very insidious, and the older we grow, the more inclined we are to think as others think, and act as others act; and more than once I have seen a parson, who as a youth, was single eyed and single hearted, and who, to any one who supposed he might glide into laxity of zeal, would have said, "Am I a dog?" in maturer age become, if not a lover of the vices of the world, at least a tolerator of its vanities. I speak here feelingly, for the world has worn away much of the little zeal I ever had. "What is the harm," you will say, "of a convenient house; what is the harm of a convenient house being elegant; of an elegant house being suitably furnished?" The same personage who insinuates this to you, said to me, "Where is the harm of having a few dogs; those few very good; you preserve game do it well—better than other people; and so he stole away my heart from better things. I have more game, and better horses and dogs than other people, but the same energy, disposed of in a different way, might have spread Bible and Missionary Societies over the hundred of North Erpingham.

All this applies to you, more than to any person I know. You have by a singular dispensation of Providence, obtained a station of influence; you have a vigor and alacrity of mind, with which few are gifted; upon no man's heart is the vanity of this life more strongly stamped. You have a great, and as far as my experience goes, an unequalled influence over those around you. These together constitute great power of doing good. The question is, shall you give it wholly to God, walking through life as one who really despises the indulgences on which others set their hearts; acting fully up to your own creed, and the convictions of your better moments, or will you give two thirds of that power to God, and one third of it to the world? Will you have your music here, or will you wait a few years for it? Old Wesley said, when called upon, according to the Act of Parliament, to give an account of his service of plate, in order to be taxed, "I have five silver spoons; these are all I have, and all I mean to have, while my poor neighbors want bread." That is the spirit that becomes a minister. Will you say, twenty years hence, to Death, when he pays you a visit, "I built this house,—by the confession of all men, a parsonage in the purest taste; I selected these pictures; observe the luxuriance of the trees I planted; just do me the favor to notice the convenience of this library, and the beauty of the prospect from that window?" or will you say, "I have spent my days in this homely habitation, where there is nothing for luxury to enjoy or taste to admire, but there is my parish, not a child there but can read the Bible and loves it too; in every house there is prayer, in every heart there is an acknowledgment of Christ, and that he came into the world to save sinners?" I do not mean to say even if you build your house, that when that epoch arrives, you will not be able to show a very good parish, as well as a very good parsonage; I only mean to say that the house and the parish will be the inverse of each other; the better the house, the worse the parish. The less you surround yourself with accommodations, the less you conform yourself to the taste of the multitude; the more exclusively, and the more powerfully you will do your own work.

GOD'S POWER.

"If thou, good Lord, should'st take thy rod in hand,
If thou regard what sins are daily done,
If thou take hold where we our works begun,
If thou decree in judgment for to stand,
And be extreme to see our 'scuses scanned;
If thou take note of every thing amiss,
And write in rolls how frail our nature is,
O Glorious God, O King, O Prince of power!
What mortal wight
May thus have light
To feel thy power, if thou have list to lower?"

GEORGE GASCOIGNE.

THE RAINBOW.

[From Dr. Hitchcock's "Seasons Spiritualised."]

In the third place, the rainbow is an apt emblem of union and harmony in the midst of diversity.

The beam of light that comes to us from the sun, is homogeneous and apparently simple. But let it pass through the priam, or the drop of rain, and it developes the colors that form the rainbow. Apply the thermometer, and you will find also in that beam, invisible rays, producing the phenomena of heat. Subject the photographic plate to the same beam, and you will find other invisible rays, that shall realize the ancient fancy of the painter, who dipped his pencil in the sun. Now all these rays, so diverse in color and effect, are harmoniously blended in the rainbow. And who fancies any want of congruity and harmony! Take away any one of them indeed, and you despoil the bow of its perfection. A single color painted upon the clouds, would excite comparatively little interest. But when the seven are blended in the magnificent arch, you feel how wonderful is the power of nature to unite and harmonize things so diverse; and in the midst of ten thousand differences, to exibit perfect union and proportion.

The beam of truth that comes to us, either through the volume of nature or revelation, is homogeneous and pure. But passing through the various separating media of different intellects, of education, of prejudice, and various systems of philosophy, it is divided into rays of many colors. And usually men do not recognize their common origin, nor imagine that they can be made to harmonize. Some of these rays are, indeed, lost, and most of them are obscured, by the perverting influence of the medium through which they pass. But whenever the different denominations of Christendom unite upon any great object of benevolence, they show that the light which they emit, had a divine original; and though of different shades, it may all be blended into an arch of light, that shall spread glory over the darkness of this world, and become an omen of hope for the future. They learn, that so long as they see evidence that the light which is thrown out from any denomination had a divine origin, they need not fear that it will blast, but they may hope that it will bless, the nations; although diverse in appearance from their own; and that in fact, the different colored rays may blend in harmony. They will find too, that there are invisible rays, —colorific rays, unequally diffused, perhaps, as in the spectrum, among the different colorific rays: yet spreading a genial warmth through the whole. And they will find other invisible rays, whose magic power shall paint Christianity, as thus exibited, in a juster and fairer light before the world, than she has ever yet assumed.

Beautiful, however, as the natural rainbow is, it lacks one thing essential to the perfection of its beauty. As seen in the heavens, by an eye on earth, it can never form but a portion of a circle. Yet when you stand upon the brink of the cataract of Niagara, in favorable circumstances, you may see that circle completed upon the spray. And then will you feel, what probably you never thought of before, how much more glorious the bow upon the clouds would be, could it be presented as an unbending curve.

In like manner, the union of different denominations of Christians, so fitly represented by the colors of the rainbow, never yet has been, and I fear never will be,—perhaps I might say, never can be, on earth, anything but a broken circle. But when from every nation, every denomination, and every communion, they shall be assembled around the throne of their common Lord on Mount Zion above, the circle shall be completed, and the full glories of Christian love, marred and obscured on earth, shall shine forth in all their brightness, and excite the admiration of all heaven, and become the Redeemer's diadem.

A HUNDRED YEARS HENCE.

It strikes me as one of the most impressive of all sentiments, that "It will be the same a hundred years after this!" It is often uttered in the form of a proverb, and with the levity of a mind that is not aware of its importance.—A hundred years after this! Good heavens! with what speed and with what certainty will those hundred years come to a close, and a number of days make one revolution of the seasons. Year follows year, and a number of years make up a century. These little intervals of time accumulate, and fill up that mighty space which appears to fancy so big and so immeasurable. The hundred years will come, and they will see the wreck of whole generations. Every living thing that now moves on the face of the earth, will disappear from it. The infant that now hangs on his mother's bosom, will only live in the remembrance of his grand-children. The scene of life and intelligence that is now before me, will be changed into the dark and loathsome forms of corruption. The people who now hear me, they will cease to be spoken of, their memory will perish from the face of the country, their flesh will be devoured by worms; the dark and creeping things that live in the holes of the earth, will feed upon their bodies; their coffins will have moulded away and their bones be thrown up in the new made grave. And is this the consummation of all things, Is this the final end and issue of man? Is there nothing beyond time and the grave to alleviate the gloomy picture—to chase away these dismal images! Must we sleep forever in the dust, and bid adieu to the light of heaven!—Dr. Chalmers.

A CONVERSATION AFTER MEETING.

Mr. A.—We had a great sermon this afternoon. If it does not rouse sinners there is no hope for them.

Mr. B.—A great many solemn truths were presented; still, Paul may plant, and Apollos water, but God giveth the increase.

Mr. A.—If such sermons are not blessed, I do not know what ones will be.

Mr. B.—God will bless such discourses as he sees fit to bless. The discourse we have just heard, contained many alarming truths, strongly expressed; but I am not sure that it was as well adapted to the end proposed as it might have been.

Mr. A.—What fault have you to find with it?

Mr. B.—I did not say that I had any fault to find with it. Fault-finding is very unprofitable work, especially for the Sabbath.

Mr. A.—Well, wherein did it lack adaptation to the end proposed?

Mr. B.—I think it would have been better if the tone of the discourse had been a little more subdued and gentle. If it had breathed more of the spirit of love, it would have been less likely to give offence to those whom it was designed to benefit.

Mr. A.—The carnal mind is enmity against God. The presentation of the truth always gives offence. If you wish to please people, you must prophesy smooth things.

Mr. B.—I know that the natural heart is opposed to the things of God; still, when the object is to subdue that opposition, it is not wise to pursue a course tending unnecessarily to inflame it.

Mr. A.—Would you never have the sterner truths of the Bible set forth?

Mr. B.—I would have the whole counsel of God set forth in the spirit required by its Author. That spirit is the spirit of love.

Mr. A.—I think that men are sometimes to be sternly rebuked. We have the example of Christ for that.

Mr. B.—Some of his rebukes and denunciations were in the exercise of an authority not possessed by his ministers. An example of the spirit in which they should declare the doom of the wicked, was set by Him when he stood on Mount Olivet and wept over Jerusalem, as he foretold its destruction.

Mr. A. There are, no doubt, times when men should weep over sinners; but it cannot be their duty to weep all the time. The terrors of the law must sometimes be preached.

Mr. B.—The terrors of the law never have so much power, as when they are delivered with a tearful eye and a trembling tongue. When the heart of the preacher is filled with love, he cannot deliver those fearful truths in a harsh and unfeeling manner.

Mr. A.—He ought to make it appear that he is in earnest.

Mr. B.—The deepest earnestness is consistent with the utmost tenderness. All preachers as well as hearers, need to have livelier impressions of divine truth, and more of the spirit of love.

From the New Orleans Picayune.

NEW ORLEANS NIGHT SCHOOL.

SECOND MUNICIPALITY NIGHT SCHOOL.

One of the happiest measures ever devised for the diffusion of elementary knowledge among the laborious and indigent in the community is that of establishing night schools. The individual who first started the idea deserves a niche beside that of the founder of the Lancasterian system, or the system of mutual instruction. Wherever they have been established they have wrought immense good, not only in imparting knowledge, but in improving morals, for they have both reclaimed the idle and reformed the vicious, in numberless instances. The experiment with us has been eminently successful, since it was first tried here a year or two ago.

The night school in the Second Municipality has 128 pupils, in regular attendance, although there have been 150 admissions since it reopened in the early part of last month. Many of these come in absolutely unacquainted with the simplest rudiments of their language, and they are now rapidly acquiring a knowledge of reading, spelling and writing. As they advance the sphere of their studies is enlarged, arithmetic, grammar and geography successively engage their attention. The Board of School Directors of the Second Municipality—to their high credit be it said—feel most sensibly the importance of the night school, and are anxious to give every facility to those who will join it, children or adults, who may be desirous of laying the grounds of a decent education, or of repairing the defects of an imperfect one. Those who have profited by the boon held forth, have conducted themselves remarkably well. There have been only two dismissed for bad conduct and twenty-one suspended for irregular attendance. The latter, however, can be reinstated on application to the committee charged with the superintendence of the night school, by promising to be regular in their attendance thereafter.

Four teachers are at present employed, who are Mr. James Blackman, Principal, and Messrs. Parham, Burton and Dupay, Assistants. As the school increases the number of instructors will of course be increased, and as the pupils acquire proficiency the whole field of literature will be opened to them; for, no want that the funds of the corporation can supply will be withheld, in order to make the night school prosper. Regular attendants are also proffered advantages such as are held out to the pupils of the day schools. They can become life members of the Library and Lyceum in the Municipal Hall, Lafayette Square, on paying one dollar in advance, and twenty-five cents a month, until the amount reaches $9, or by the payment of $9 at any one time. This would give them not only access to the library, but the right to free admission to the public lectures, delivered there during eight months in the year, on scientific subjects.

Although the night school contains more than double the number of students who attended it in previous years, yet 129 is but an insignificant fraction of the body of urchins that are either employed in labor all day or idling away their time in the streets, in New Orleans. We will not speak of the adults, to whom also this excellent institution throws open its doors—young men and men in advanced life, who might acquire invaluable lessons by devoting an hour or two every night to their mental cultivation—but we regret to learn that there are so many children here who still regard this school with indifference. For example, in our own line, we are informed that but two of the little army of newsboys attend the night school, when, if their parents or guardians had the slightest regard for their future welfare they would take them every evening *nolens volens* to it, making it compulsory if fair means were unavailing. The enlightened and philanthrophic directors are prepared and even at first confidently anticipated to receive a hundred of them in the night school.

With the present attendance much good will undoubtedly be done, and although the increase in the numbers is rather slow, still it will and must progress. Youth, if they can be brought to reflect, should ponder on the responsibilities with which manhood is invested in a country like ours, where every office is open to the ambition of even the lowliest. Those responsibilities cannot be discharged without some book learning, and they to whom penury forbids its acquirement by attending the day school, are cruel to themselves and false to their birthright as Americans, by rejecting the blessings held out to them by the night school.

From the same paper we take also the following.

BETTER OBSERVANCE OF THE SABBATH. A very numerous assembly, composed of some of the most respectable merchants and professional men in the city, held a meeting last evening in the Presbyterian Church, on Lafayette Square, for the purpose of adopting measures to cause a better observance of the Sabbath in the city of New Orleans than now exists. Judge McCaleb, of the United States Court, presided, and T. A. Clarke, Esq., acted as Secretary. The President stated the object of the meeting. A committee to draft resolutions was appointed. The members of the committee were Messrs J. J. Day, Col. J. W. Crocket, J. W. Stanton, David Hadden, Charles Gardiner. On motion, Alfred Hennen, Esq., was added to the committee. Mr. Maybin then addressed the meeting. This gentleman was particularly severe on the desecration of the Sabbath by military companies, by the theatres, and by members of the church leaving the house of prayer to go to the post office and inquire for news. The committee offered a series of resolutions, which were read by the Secretary, and adopted one by one. The substance of the resolutions is, that it is important to hold a South-western convention of ministers, members and friends of the church which may take some efficient measures to attain the object which they all had so much at heart. Addresses were made by Messrs. Crockett, Wolfe, Gribble, and the Rev. Mr. Stanton. A resolution was then offered and unanimously, adopted that the President be requested to furnish the Secretary with a copy of his address, and that all the daily papers of the city be requested to publish the address, with the proceedings in full, of which a copy will be furnished by the Secretary. The meeting then adjourned to meet on Thursday, January 10, 1850, at the Methodist Episcopal Church in Poydras street.

It sometimes does us good to know what strangers think of us. For this reason, as well as for some others, we extract the following article on Mr. Bartol's sermon from the Independent:—

It is not easy to do justice either to the merits or to the errors of such a book as this, in a mere notice. We will say, however, that our reading of it has taught us to regard the author with a sort of personal respect and affection. Personally he is unknown to us; nor have we ever met him before as an author; and yet our reading of these discourses has made him seem to us like an acquaintance. In spite of our prejudices against him on account of his Unitarian position and sympathies, in spite of the great vagueness and the still greater errors of his doctrinal system, as exhibited in the volume before us, his unquestionable earnestness and devoutness, his high and pure morality, the boldness with which he speaks to the consciousness of hearers and readers, the genius—as of a poet—that sparkles on every page, and the simple and classic beauty of his style, command not admiration only, but no small measure of our sympathy and confidence. Often he seems to have grasped with his feelings, and to have received into his heart,—even if he had not rightly apprehended and handled with the intellectual faculty—the essential elements of Christian truth—the very "word of life." And often, on the other hand, the soundly instructed reader is amazed that one who seems to have come so near the truth, misses it after all so widely.

Take these two paragraphs, for example, from a discourse on "Positive Faith." How full of warmth and earnestness are they! How near does the preacher come to the very life of the gospel!

"Do you believe in the influence of the Holy Spirit? that, as Christ declares, you, as a parent, are not so ready to give a good thing to your children, as God is to give, to them who ask, his Holy Spirit? And will you not ask? Your faith being positive, you will. An earthly office, a place of patronage, is sued for; opportunity and means begged to seek far-off climes of promise; a situation of any profit or political advancement swells a vast allurement of magnificence; and all the time, as day passes after day, and week succeeds upon week, and rolling years move on, have you never asked for the Holy Spirit? It may be bad for the asking; with no rebuffs or procrastinations, or 'law's delay,' or 'proud man's contumely.' But, oh! that asking,—it is indeed no formal motion of the lips, no merely intellectual framing of the thoughts, no hasty and transitory breath of superficial desire; but a deep longing, a needy yearning, a continual besieging of the mercy-seat of the divine dispensing Power. To those thus asking, as though they meant what they said, prized what they requested, believed what they professed, and wanted what they prayed for, the communication shall be made; the door in their heart, made mysteriously into the spiritual world when their heart was fashioned, shall open at God's own touch; heavenly peace and purity shall flow in; they shall be inspired; perceive the motion of another mind, and that the Divine Mind, upon their own; that they are not shut up to their own poor supplies and individual nature, but can draw upon the wisdom and riches of an Almighty Father, and feel the light of his countenance play refreshing upon them. Even so mighty and prevailing is a positive faith.

"Do you believe, once more, a thing so worthy of all acceptation as that Jesus Christ came to save and reconcile you to God? Take ancient statements of the doctrine, or modern ones, or put aside as faulty all the speculations upon it ever clothed in human speech; disbelieve what you will in theories respecting the cause or the process; but do you believe positively the thing?—If you do, your faith will have irresistible power over you. It is proved to be but infidelity's dead profession, if it do not. The man who is assured and positively believes that some European relative has left him an immense fortune, which personal attention is necessary to secure, sits not down to rest upon this as an abstract speculation, amusing with it his thoughts, but rises, departs, crosses the sea, with energetic and nice procedure, to fulfil the conditions of the case.—The adventurer, listening to a tale of rivers, which, like the ancient Pactolus, flow over golden sands on the far Pacific coast, is not satified with it as a tale that he can pleasantly relate to other greedy ears, but embarks, throwing himself and his all on the single cast. The sick man, learning of sunny climes which have a balsam in the very air to pour healing through the avenues of disease, bids adieu to all, however dear in home and friends and native land,—for the sake of the body, the poor perishing body, that must here, there, or somewhere find and fall into its earthly grave,—to seek the warm isle, or southern continental shore. And, oh! the sinner, spiritually poor, empty, sickly, if he believe in a Redeemer who can break the power of sin, and raise him above his own selfish and wayward will into the life of virtue and of God, will not stay long in cool debate respecting the origin and person of that Redeemer, but will run to him, as, in all his instructions and precepts, life and death, the enricher, benefactor, physician of his soul."

The longest discourse in the volume, and, in respect to dogmatic discussion, the most elaborate, is that on "Human Nature," in which the author discusses, and undertakes to refute, the doctrine of the entire depravity of men by nature. Nothing can exceed the weakness of the argument unless we except the unconsciousness with which the author, while refuting a doctrine which the narrowest "old school" Presbyterian would disown, actually establishes and applies the very doctrine of personal human deptravity held and taught by judicious Orthodox preachers. His idea of "the received doctrine of depravity" seems to be that it makes all men as bad as they can be; that it imputes moral evil to human nature itself, considered as the product of creative power; and that it denies to man any capacity of goodness. His great argument is that *such* a depravity is inconsistent with any kind of freedom or responsibility, and is therefore an absurdity. A subsidiary argument is that if men were really incapable of any goodness, they would be incapable of knowing their own wickedness, and therefore incapable even of remorse. But see how he utters himself in regard to the *fact* of human sinfulness:

"Accordingly, the consciousness or the confession of sin exists not, or but in lesser degrees, in the worst men. The most moving acknowledgments of the plague of iniquity are not from the depraved, the outcast, and the vile, but from the noble, when they have let their nobleness, as a white escutcheon, be stained. It is such men as Job and David, Paul, St. Augustine, and Luther, that have stood meekly at the world's great confessional, bitterly to own their transgression. The record of their lives seconds our acquaintance with good men, and our knowledge of our own hearts, to show that moral progress alone gives a perception of the "sinfulness of sin;" and that they who have most occasion for alarm and suspicion of their spiritual state are not such confessors, but the men who pass along with light and easy step, unaware of anything wrong in their relations to their Maker. In the biographies of saints, it is remarkable, too, how every new advance in holiness more reveals the enormity of wrong doing; makes disobedience to God swell up into all its gigantic proportions, and discloses every lurking subtlety and evasion of vice, just as the waxing light of day shows alike every mountain and cave with the slightest uneven surface. As we become children of the light, our conscience seems to take on a heavier load; we detect the quality of guilt in things where we had not imagined it, become impatient of habits we had borne without a wish to shake off, and are startled from an exposed situation of moral disease and death where we had slept and dreamed of happiness."

"Moral evil is indeed not a thing that superficially happens in the world, but which the human heart consciously knows to be planted within itself. It is not, as some would consider it, a slight, passing disease, but a chronic affection of the human will. The wrong institutions of society are not careless heaps as of wood and stone loosely piled up on the surface, and as the reformer may fancy, to be easily or at once overthrown; but like the primitive trees of the forest, they have deep and ancient roots."

See, too, how near he comes to a truly evangelical application of the doctrine, and shows our want of help, "such as the gospel affords:"

"And this required help is not of mere law, but moreover of the divine mercy. The blood of self-sacrifice, freely shed by Christ on the gentle height of calvary, speaks louder to us than the thunders that rolled through the rugged clefts of Sinai; and the dove of God's Spirit descending on the air at his baptism, moves to obedience more mightily than the heavy tables of stone that were let down into the hands of Moses.—The method of God's grace in our redemption is not to draw up in terrible distinctness a list of his violated commands, while the awful finger of the offended Judge points from the broken precept to the offender's doom; but it is the Judge himself bending in fatherly compassion from his eternal throne, speaking in pity to his delinquent children, and sending from his bosom the Son that had never displeased him, as though Almighty Power would sheathe its thunders, and Infinite Justice had become fond. That heart must be harder than the nether mill-stone, or rotted through with the pollutions of vice, which can resist this appeal. The forgiving love of the gospel will soften the stone which the hammer of the law could not break; and the balm of long-suffering kindness search into and stir the sensibilities which the pains and penalties of disobedience could not probe. The blood of the atonement will wash away the sins and inveterate spots which the moral will could not alone remove; and the spirit of him from whose sacred form it flowed, temper the heart to a celestial strength and fineness, which natural conscience could never reach.

"Herein lies the importance of receiving Christianity as an express revelation, to convince us that such is God's mind towards us. Strip off from Christ his peculiar character, discredit his miracles, deny his authority, and the law of Jewish or Gentile morality, with the hard precepts of the philosophers' schools, returns upon us in cold, stoic austerity; nature, that never pardons, resumes her sway in the domain of mind as well as matter; and the assurance of that which is more glorious than nature, with all her general laws, God's unquenchable love even to the sinner,—its superhuman seal broken,—vanishes into conjecture and doubt. But, thank God, no human hand has yet proved strong enough or can ever suffice to break that seal. It stands in uneffaceable characters, the pledge, through Christ, of the exhaustless riches of the Divine goodness. It is a certain sign to secure those definite views of revealed religion, without which the gospel would have sunk into the grave of oblivion."

MINISTRY OF ANGELS.

"How oft do they their silver bowers leave
To come to succor us, that succor want!
How oft do they with golden pinions cleave
The flitting skies, like flying pursuivant,
Against foul fiends, to aid us militant!
They for us fight, they watch, and duly ward,
And their bright squadrons round about us plant,
And all for love, and nothing for reward:
O! why should heavenly God to man have such regard!"

EDMUND SPENCER.

Gems for the Christian's Cabinet.

I have not parade and splendor, nor giddy juvenile gayety, nor amusements, nor so much of the kind sympathies of friendship as I could wish; but I have the promises and fidelity of a God, the assurance of a guardian Providence, the intercession of a Redeemer, the visions of Eternity, and the prospects of Paradise. [Foster.

The habit of receiving pleasure without any exercise of thought, by the mere excitement of curiosity and sensibility, may justly be ranked among the worst effects of novel reading. [Coleridge.

They that drink away an estate, drink the tears of their sad widows, and the very blood of their impoverished children. [Flavel.

God's mercy fails not; ever expending and yet never at all spent, not so much as diminished; flowing as the rivers, from one age to another, and yet not one whit the less to those that come after. [Leighton.

DEATH OF WILLIAM MILLER, THE 'PROPHET.' Father Miller, the second advent Prophet, as he was popularly known, died at his residence, in Low Hampton, N. Y. on Thursday, the 20th inst., in the 68th year of his age. Our readers doubtless recollect the excitement, which he produced in the community, a few years since by preaching the approaching end of the world. The insane hospitals of our country contain many melancholy witnesses to the power of his preaching. He is said to have been an intelligent and amiable man, who was much esteemed by his neighbors and friends. He maintained to the day of his death that the Scriptures pointed to the present epoch as about the time for the world's destruction, though he acknowledged some error in his calculations. The following account of his first public appearance as a preacher, taken from the Atlas, is interesting, as a part of the history of the delusions of the mind. It is in his own words. He had been engaged in examining the Scriptures.

"One Saturday, after breakfast, in the summer of 1833, I sat down at my desk to examine some point, and as I arose to go out to work, it came home to me with more force than ever, "Go and tell it to the world." The impression was so sudden, and came with such force, that I settled down into my chair, saying, I can't go, Lord. "Why not?" seemed to be the response; and then all my excuses came up, my want of ability, &c.; but my distress became so great, I entered into a solemn covenant with God, that if he would open the way, I would go and perform my duty to the world. "What do you mean by opening the way?" seemed to come to me.—Why, said I, if I should have an invitation to speak publicly in any place, I will go and tell them what I find in the Bible about the Lord's coming. Instantly all my burden was gone, and I rejoiced that I should not probably be thus called upon, for I had never had such an invitation. My trials were not known, and I had but little expectation of being invited to any field of labor.

In about half an hour from this time, before I had left the room, a son of Mr. Guilford, of Dresden, about sixteen miles from my residence, came in and said that his father had sent for me, and wished me to go home with him. Supposing that he wished to see me on some business, I asked him what he wanted! He replied that there was to be no preaching in their church the next day, and his father wished to have me come and talk to the people on the subject of the Lord's coming. I was immediately angry with myself for having made the covenant I had; I rebelled at once against the Lord, and determined not to go. I left the boy without giving him any answer, and retired in great distress to a grove near by. There I struggled with the Lord for about an hour, endeavoring to release myself from the covenant I had made with him, but I could get no relief. It was impressed upon my conscience "Will you make a covenant with God, and break it so soon?" and the exceeding sinfulness of thus doing, overwhelmed me. I finally submitted, and promised the Lord that if he would sustain me, I would go, trusting in him to give me grace and ability to perform all he should require of me. I returned to the house, and found the boy still waiting; he remained till after dinner, and I returned with him to Dresden.

LIBERIA AND THE SLAVE TRADE. The following letter will be acceptable to all, who are interested in the abolition of the Slave trade and the elevation of the colored race. It is from President Roberts.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE,
MONROVIA, September 18th, 1849.

Dear sir—I wrote you a few days ago, announcing the probability that in a few weeks the slavetrade would be completely annihilated at the Gallinas. I have the satisfaction now to inform you that my expectations have been fully realized. The Chiefs have consented to abandon forever the traffic, and have actually delivered to Captain Dunlop, of her majesty's ship "Albert," all the slaves collected there for exportation, and have turned the foreign slave traders out of the country. Captain Dunlop takes the slaves to Sierra Leone. The slavers have availed themselves of the Captain's kindness, and taken passage also in one of H. M. ships for Sierra Leone, having first solemnly promised Captain Dunlop that they would never again attempt to revive the slave trade at Gallinas, or that neighborhood.

Our negotiations are still going on for the Gallinas, and I think now will soon be closed to our satisfaction; the principal obstacle is now removed, and our jurisdiction will soon comprehend that territory: it will then be impossible ever again to revive the traffic in slaves at any point between Sierra Leone and Cape Palmas. I am happy to inform you that our public affairs are going on smoothly; though our late efforts for the suppression of the slave trade, and some considerable amounts we have had to pay for *new territory*, have rather embarrassed us, pecuniarily. I think we have great cause for encouragement.

Our relations with the natives are of the most friendly character. Commerce is increasing, and our citizens are giving more attention than ever to agriculture. I am, dear sir.

Respectfully, your obd't servant,
(Signed) J. J. ROBERTS.
G. Ralston, Esq., London.

CHRISTIAN GRACES. Christian graces are like perfumes; the more they are prest, the sweeter they smell; like stars that shine brighest in the dark; like trees, the more they are shaken, the deeper root they take, and the more fruit they bear. [Rev.

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for a few moments. in a vague and obscure manner, with what subjects my understanding or my moral feelings have been occupied; but even this obscure recollection departs entirely when I endeavor to make it more distinct. There remains nothing but the pleasant or unpleasant impression which this state has made, on the whole, upon my mind, and this usually continues almost the whole of the following day. During this condition of serenity I have not the least clear recollection of my waking state; no forms of men or of visible corporeal things surround me. I feel myself, in fact, in a new kind of existence, of which I can as little conceive, in the waking state, as one born blind can of colors. Judging from my feelings, I am in the visible and eternal world. My faults in general, and in the abstract, cause me unspeakably pain; that is to say, I feel a horror at myself, so far as I am conscious of having contravened the order of God, whom, at this time, I feel to be my Creator, and the wisest and kindest of beings, with a liveliness, which, from my waking ideas, I should scarcely venture to expect from an immediate intuition of the Godhead. Equally inexpressible is the rapture which pervades me, when I find myself in a state so morally good, that I can yield myself unreservedly to these brilliant thoughts of God, and of the moral perfection of Christ. I am not able to remember a single good action in particular, but I feel thus much at first obscurely, that this moral serenity is the result of all previous good endeavors. I remember my friends also, at times, in this state, whom, however, I cannot represent to myself under any form, and am sensible of an unspeakable longing that I could describe to them a situation which passes all description.

"I have related to you honestly the observation I have made in my own case, and will now add to them, as affording some ground of conjecture concerning the state of the soul after death, the remarkable dream which you yourself, my dear Zimmerman, had in Nov. 1765. A faithful narrative of this kind, from a man who is such a sworn foe to all superstition, and who despises every thing that makes the most distant approach to enthusiasm, is of great value. This dream serves my purpose in a double point of view—first, because it may be regarded as in general the effect of a peculiar state of the soul, which perhaps resembles its state after the death of the body; and secondly, because it contains some very probable ideas of the state of the soul after death. You saw your wife, of whom it was told you that she was dead, in a delicate, ethereal form, wearing her usual lovely expression of modesty and gentleness, though mingled with a seriousness that excited something of surprise.—She approached you with an indescribably charming dignity, and told you that she had experienced things which no one could ever have imagined; that her faculties had been vastly elevated and enlarged; that she looked through the past in all its causes and effects; that each present moment was to her a sea of ideas, though the future was still somewhat obscure; that she was exceedingly happy, but not entirely so; that the whole of the life she had passed on earth was ever before her mind; that every thought and every feeling that did not lead directly whither her wishes were now directed, was now a sin to her and a torent; that she felt a kind of palsy when she looked at the way to heaven; that she was exceedingly happy because God had greatly exalted her, but that still she was not perfectly at rest; that she knew all that went on in the hearts of the persons she had known in the world—all that went on with those whom she saw on the threshold of heaven, without their telling it to her, for that they never spoke, since they were all contemplation, and yet that they all understood one another; that the end of the days had not yet come; that she dwelt among millions of souls in regions of serenity, peace, and contemplation, but that she was not yet in heaven, for that God had not yet executed judgment; that bright clouds still for a time covered this blessed place from her eyes; "thither, thi her." she added, "you should endeavor to come." You told me further that you put a number of important questions to your wife, which she answered in such a way that you saw clearly what the greatest intellect among mortals would never be capable of seeing, even in the remotest degree, but that you waked up, in the act of writing down those things, and found that, with the utmost exertion of your memory, you could not call back the great and novel ideas relating to the future world which you desired in your dream to put on paper."

CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

Poston, Saturday, January 5, 1850.

THE NEW YEAR.

We wish to our readers a happy new year.—May they all so live, that life shall grow more rich, and beautiful and joyous as they advance. Going forth, sometimes in tears, may they always bear with them the precious seed through which with the closing years they may return bringing in their sheaves with them. May their affections be refined by every new experience, their faith, strengthened by every new trial, and their hope more and more the image of that celestial glory to which it would guide them.—Health, prosperity, friends—all these and more, we fervently ask for them, so far as may be consistent with the highest happiness of all. May their gratitude to God and their beneficence increase with their wealth. May the comfort and peace of their homes lead them to remember those less privileged than they. May the afflicted learn to rejoice with those who rejoice, and the prosperous to weep with those who weep. Finding here from day to day treasures richer than gold, may they lay them up in heaven, and so have their conversation there, that when called hence they may go not as strangers to a strange land, but as pilgrims to their home. Once more, dear friends, for as such we love to think of you—once more, dear friends, we would bid you God speed. His love and his blessing go with you.

AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.

We would call the attention of our readers to a notice in another column, of a meeting to be holden in the Federal street Church (Rev. Dr. Gannett's) next Sunday evening. Three preliminary and comparatively private meetings have been holden in the vestry of Rev. Mr. Waterston's church, to recommend measures for the advancement of our cause through the Unitarian Association. All persons interested in the subject are invited to attend to-morrow evening, as it is hoped that there will be a full and able discussion on matters of great importance to our denomination.

PUBLISHING EVERYTHING.

The disposition, encouraged by so many papers, to put everything that takes place into print is often very annoying. A few persons can hardly come together to consult with one another on subjects of public interest, a religious society can hardly hold a meeting for the management of its own concerns, but straightway all the particulars of agreement or disagreement, the measures that in the confidence which brethren meeting together in this way have in one another are proposed or withdrawn, are straightway declared to all the world, for the invidious comments of those who know nothing of the real state of the case, and who have no interest in it except that of an officious curiosity.—We shall not knowingly allow ourselves to do anything to encourage this tattling disposition which would turn the whole world into a whispering gallery. One other thing we would say. It often happens in public meetings that remarks peculiarly forcible and pertinent, considering the audience and the occasion, are when reported in a newspaper almost without meaning, and to attempt to give them over again exactly as they were, is like attempting to give the effective charge of a musket over and over again exactly as it was. The force of a speech is often entirely spent in doing its work, and spent because it does it. The charge that does the greatest execution makes the smallest report.

DEAD AND ALIVE CALVINISM.

CHALMERS' INSTITUTES OF THEOLOGY.—PRESIDENT LORD SERMON AT HAVERHILL.

We confess a strong sympathy with Calvinism, not indeed in its isolated dogmas, but in very many of its embodiments and modes of exhibition. We rejoice in the earnest attachment of its adherents to a positive belief, resting on the alleged basis of a supernatural revelation. Though they may not recognize our claim of kindred, we feel more nearly related to them than to those, who reject authority in matters of faith, and regard Christianity as a spontaneous creation of human genius. Those, who admit the divine and infallible wisdom of our Saviour and the preternatural illumination of the prophets and apostles, however wide their difference, belong to one commonwealth, are under the same constitution and code of laws. They differ, not as to the basis of their faith, but as to the interpretation of its records. They stand with reference to each other, as do the several parties in our republic, which, frequent and bitter as their controversies may be, are united by their common attachment to our constitution and our forms of government, and are as one party, with reference to the defenders of monarchy or of disunion. We believe that every Christian denomination is held together by its strong, though it may be inordinate and one sided, adherence to some portion of gospel truth, and thus may have in its special custody good gifts, which those out of its own pale would do well to seek and cherish. Thus Calvinism has ever held fast the great doctrine of *justification by faith*, while other portions of the church, alarmed by its possible perversion to Antinomianism have either regarded it in secondary esteem or rejected it altogether. The *divine agency in regeneration* also has been resolutely maintained by the great body of the Calvinists, sometimes indeed in so exaggerated a form as to merge man's own part in the great change; but this error we regard as less dangerous than the opposite, which ignores spiritual influences; for no theory can obliterate the practical consciousness of free agency, while it is within the power of false doctrine to discourage prayer and to repress dependence on the divine aid. We prize also the principle of the *perseverance of the saints*, not indeed as a rigid, logical dogma, but as an expression of the essential tendency of true religious principle to self-preservation and self-culture.—And it is amazing and cheering to find how the closest adherents of the Genevan school, when they pass from the cloud-land of dogma into the more genial region of practical piety, dwell mainly on sentiments, which find their full response in the hearts of those whom they might deem to have nothing in common with themselves. On the other hand, we sometimes meet with Calvinism in a mummy form, cold, damp, sepulchral, on which we might almost be disposed to inscribe, (from Dr. Watts's Epitaph on Bigotry)

> "Here lies (and may it here forever lie)
> The carcass of dead piety,
> The form and foe of holiness,
> The image and the plague of zeal divine."

This contrast has been suggested by the two publications named at the head of this article.—We have before us the second and last volume of Dr. Chalmers' Institutes of Theology. His system is thoroughly Calvinistic, going to the entire length of the imputation of Adam's sin and Christ's righteousness. The work too covers the whole ground occupied by those huge, gaunt skeletons called, (for their lack of soul,) *bodies* of divinity. But it has nothing but the ground in common with them. Very little use is made of technical language, and no authority is appealed to but that of the written word. Nor is constant or prominent stress laid on the peculiar doctrines of Calvinism. On the other hand, the fullest justice is done to those cardinal doctrines of natural and revealed religion, which no Christian calls in question. The pervading spirit is diametrically opposite to that indicated by an American professor of theology, who, when asked what he was going to lecture about on a certain day, replied, "Not much of any thing," and then, after a little hesitation, "Nothing but the attributes of God." These volumes were the author's lectures to his class of theological students. Under every head of doctrine, he passes from argument and exposition to the appropriate work of the pulpit, and dilates upon the topics and style of preaching adopted to the subject in hand. In these chapters we should hardly recognize him as a Calvinist, so subordinate a place does he assign, (even on depravity and the atonement,) to scholastic dogmas, and so much does he confine himself to those great facts of human guilt, divine mercy, Christ's mediation and a righteous retribution, on which we could for the most part adopt his language as coinciding with our own firmest convictions. We can cordially recommend this work to those, who would see old-fashioned Calvinism in its most inviting aspect, and would hear the best testimony that it can offer for its scriptural validity and its practical worth.

It is with very different feelings that we have read President Lord's Sermon at the Ordination of Mr. Greely at Haverhill. He assumes a position which rejects sympathy. He seems to take a mournful pleasure in feeling himself insulated. His most appropriate text would have been, "I am like a pelican of the wilderness: I am like an owl of the desert, and as a sparrow alone upon the house-top." His actual text is, "Hold fast till I come," and the object of the sermon is to show how few do this, and how much fewer will do it in the next coming generation, if indeed it ever come. His theory of human development is perfect *pessimism*. The world is on the eve of destruction, and only waits for false doctrine, unbelief and depravity to reach the anti-climax which they have almost attained. True believers are few now, but they are to be still fewer, till those that remain ask in despair, "When the son of man cometh, will he find faith upon the earth"? And he gives indeed a very strong coloring of probability to these dark forebodings; for we cannot but think that what he deems true christianity is taking the last footsteps of its retreat, and it is very possible that Dr. Lord may yet find himself in the same category with Dr. Emmons, who left behind him of the late flourishing sect of Hopkinsians only one to preach his funeral sermon. Dr. Lord enumerates under four heads the doctrines, which he would have his hearers hold fast. The first is the Cross. Here he represents the prime object of Christ's death to have been such action upon the divine mind, as to render human forgiveness possible. He deprecates the growing disposition among his brethren to regard man's happiness as a prominent purpose of Christ's sacrifice; and deems this "a highly portentous and alarming departure from fundamental ideas." God's glory, in that arbitrary sense which we have never known how to distinguish from infinite selfishness, is stated to be the sole end, the redemption of a portion of the human race only the incidental result of the atonement. The *Church* comes next on the list of essential doctrines; but what the author would have believed concerning it is not very clearly defined, though we suppose it to be the non-identity of the visible and the true Church, the latter being marked by the "supernatural calling," suggested by the name *Ecclesia*. Next in order comes *Regeneration*, which is represented as a supernatural operation of the divine spirit, in which man acts, "neither as cause nor instrument," but remains entirely passive, as much so, (we are told,) as Lazarus was in the miracle by which he was recalled from the tomb. Last on the list is the *Resurrection*, which is represented as being, neither simply life from the dead, nor yet the evolving of a germ of vitality from the earthly body as the nucleus for a new mode of organization, but the restoration to indestructible existence of the self-same bodies that are laid in the grave. It is the decline of these doctrines, that leads Dr. Lord to suppose the "coming of the Son of Man" close at hand. To us it is among the signs of his coming in the spirit and the power of his truth; and our earnest prayer and longing is that we may soon discern yet other signs in the growth of spiritual faith and practical piety.

BEWARE OF THE DIFFUSENESS OF ANGER.

TO PARENTS.

Somewhere in Dr. Channing's diary he warns himself in nearly these words. No passage in his Memoir has impressed us more with a sense of his nice moral discrimination in respect to his own conduct. We commend the expression to parents, teachers, and all who are concerned with the young. *Beware of the diffuseness of fault-finding.*

A little boy slams the door violently. "Don't, my boy, do so," his mother says, "it disturbs your little sister." The boy feels that he has done wrong and determines to obey his mother. But she goes on to say with increased warmth; "It is now the third time that you have waked her up this evening." This neutralises the effect of what was said before. "I should think that a boy of your age might know better than to make such a noise." Here the boy begins to grow impatient. "It costs me, and you know it does, a great deal of trouble." He is now a little irritated, and soon, as the torrent of words comes more vehemently, his irritation entirely stifles the first suggestion of conscience, destroys his good resolutions and drives him almost immediately into some other disagreeable act. Parents, beware of the diffuseness of fault-finding. One sentence is almost always better than two, and hardly any thing is worse than a harangue.

"ST. LEGER, OR THE THREADS OF LIFE."

A disclosure of the motives of authors would be a rare revelation. We have been asking ourselves why this book was written; and we are puzzled. It discovers too much moral perception, and its general tone partakes too much of an ethical and introspective character, to admit the conjecture that its purpose was bare pelf;—and yet the moral purpose is so indistinct, and the lesson so unfinished and vague, that it seems hardly possible its conscious design could have been instruction. It is too good to have sprung from a mercenary motive, and not good enough to have been prompted by a disinterested one. If ambition was at the bottom of it, the aspirant is at least postponing his claim to admiration, and waiting for the decision of the public before he prefers his title to applause and fame; the work is anonymous. But whatever the reason may have been for its being written, a sufficient reason why it will be read is that it is interesting.

The substance of it appeared originally in the Knickerbocker Magazine. Without intending so high an encomium as the words may at first seem to imply, we can say that there are not many men in this country, known as authors, from whom it could have come. The truth is, it is a peculiar production. Not only is the scenery foreign, but the spirit is essentially foreign, and English. The author has succeeded in throwing about his narrative a British air. He has some of the qualities of Currer Bell. Many of his pages are as vigorous as those of Jane Eyre, but the strength flags oftener. He knows something of dramatic disposition, something of the Bible, a good deal of the thoughts, feelings and experience natural to a young man, very little of philosophy or metaphysics,—not so much as he would have the reader suppose,—and, more than all, apparently, of the Greek classics. He understands how to use the English tongue forcibly, and he has the faculty decidedly of putting both his own conceptions and the images of his descriptions, vividly. His picturing of the outward world, however, is less faithful, simple and just, than of the inward; or rather, the outward events through which he conducts his characters, are less true to life than their interior history.

A young Englishman, of a noble Warwickshire family, with a devout and gentle mother, (he says of her finely, "morning and evening did I lisp my infantile prayers to her, and it seemed as if she sent them up for me to God,") and, with a high-principled, stern, and taciturn father, goes out early into the world to see it, to taste of it, to master it,—or to be mastered by it. The story runs in the first person singular. The hero is the narrator, and, *mirabile dictu*, he does not once fall in love, ride horseback, kill his man, nor commend himself to women as a rake. Perhaps these defects ought to take him out of the category of romantic personages. But he has his adventures nevertheless. He goes, visiting his cousins, to Scotland, and thence, after Dr. Johnson, to the Hebrides. In these excursions his fortunes became complicated with those of several other characters of the narrative quite unimportant, except as they serve that narrative; they suggest little in the way of example, and hardly come near enough to our hearts and daily lives to prove effective warnings. He is educated at home, by a private tutor,—a cold-blooded, stoical, intellectual Pantheist, who drives an entering wedge for infinite mischief into the young man's faith. St. Leger contends all along with a traditionary superstition, suffers from it, has his existence shadowed by it, and illustrates the wicked folly of dark predictions. How many children are put under a secret fear or sadness for years, by some hag in decent shape, who curses his memory, if not with some poetic legend about a doomed house, with some ominous prophecy of hidden misfortune, or early death!

Instigated by his speculative preceptor, St. Leger travels to the Continent, and takes up his abode at Leipsic. His term of study here brings him into intercourse with many conspicuous and eccentric men,—among the rest Goethe, of whom an extremely common-place and superficial account is given,—and with Theresa Von Hofrath, the most interesting female character, (unless it be that of the resolute, silent, ascetic but high-souled "Old Alice") in the story. The stay at Leipsic with its incidents, some eloquent passages and tragic episodes, descriptions of the godless German clubs and the reckless, aimless life of the students,—with some faint attempts at abstruse thinking, bring the volume nearly to the close. With another journey, the introduction of a generous, free-hearted, dare-devil Irishman, an insane adherence to a rash and weak vow, the revolting picture of a totally depraved soul, a savage murder of a villain much too bad to be killed, and a happy marriage dependent on said murder, it ends.

The chief moral interest gathers about that part of the book that is executed with the least ability,—the portrayal of the influence exerted on the young man's mind by the Pantheist, and the irresponsible, unprincipled theories of Kauffman and his associates. Taken in connection, however, with the operation in him of a new and eager taste of the pleasure-world, this is instructive. Here is a youth nurtured in the hallowed atmosphere of piety, the habit of prayer formed upon his infancy, with no headstrong passions, and only an ordinary proclivity to worldly gratifications. He goes abroad to confront temptation, and loses,—if not faith, yet the consolations and the supports and the guidance of faith. He affords us, in the latter part of his history, the affecting and powerful spectacle,—would to God it were not a real and unfrequent example!—of a strong and capable nature, not able to forget the sacred and gracious discipline of childhood under the benignant shelter of a Christian home; not able either, by force of reason, to throw off religious conviction,—yet wanting firmness, consistency and ballast to conform his life to its requirements and to cast himself manfully upon its direction. How does it happen? The answer is plain, and it involves two practical inferences.

It happens, first, from the deficiency of a paternal instruction, corresponding to and keeping harmony with the maternal. A wise Christian father, acting on the child and youth as faithfully as the wise Christian mother, would have supplied just what was wanting to St. Leger's security and peace *on the practical side*. Where there are no decided and violent vicious propensities developed, as there are not in this case and in a majority of cases of young men that are ruined, a thorough, well-balanced Christian training, at once genial and commanding, comprehensive and minute, rational and reverential, is salvation. St. Leger is placed in no situation of peril where this would not have rescued him. The mother's gentle tuition, her ministry of sentiment alone, is *almost* sufficient. Had a masculine and systematic discipline been superadded to that, there is no reason, so far as conduct is concerned, why a thoroughly Christian manhood should not have been the result, and the especial merit of this book is that in this respect it is true to life. The reader feels that its author is dealing with realities and reporting facts. It may be a very prosaic and everyday criticism on a romance, but it is simple truth that precisely what is needed not only by the hero, but by the reckless Monerieff, the wretched Wordollah, the pure but mistaken and unsatisfied Leila, the volatile Ella, the pitiable, despairing Hegewisch, the abandoned Vautrey, the infamous Caspar, the barbarous Donacha, and Macklorne the worldling,—is a good home, and a right education. They were not properly brought up.

On the side of opinion, the grand error was in the wrong bias given to the youth's inquisitiveness and research by Dr. Lisle, his tutor. Such advice, and such a philosophy, were enough to curse any ingenuous mind with perplexity, and in the end with gloom and sorrow. Let the parents, the officers of literary Institutions, and responsible intellectual men, ponder the consequences, before they tempt the young to dabble in loose theories of morals, a philosophy that annihilates obligation, an exegesis that stultifies the Scriptures, and a spirituality that worships the glorious Inane instead of the God and Father of Jesus Christ our Lord. The annals of our American academic life are already not without their mournful instances of hearts darkened and depressed for life, noble energies and high hopes wasted, intellects diseased and plunged into dreary delirium, by these pleasant pastimes. Were not such studies "in sport!" Is it not well to "look at all sides,"—and brave to "face all errors!" This is puerile nonsense, and sheer braggadocio. Should not a man swallow prussic acid, or leap into the gulf-stream, *to show that he dares to?* The motto of Kauffman's club is a fair index of the whole scheme—"*evil unspoken breeds evil.*" That is, say the profanest things you can invent, and follow your unbiased instincts,—to perdition Then you may share the fate of St. Leger, and before you have cut your wisdom teeth, you may present the dismal example of a heart that cannot cast off its holy impressions, and yet will not embody them in a settled faith; that tries and tries to pray, because it once found peace in prayer, and is disappointed by a vitiated sensibility; that has no joy in believing, and yet knows not how to deny.

If the work of undermining has commenced and gone on awhile, then the remedy is action, vigorous, energetic, self-forgetting action, for humanity, for the State, for science, commerce, anything lawful and good. This will cleanse and clear the soul's atmosphere, and brace its muscles. Go to work. If Byron had lived longer he might very likely have found Greece a lever to lift him out of his morbid misanthropy. If necessity had compelled Shelley to take care of somebody, it might have lost the world some fine poetry, and given it a more symmetrical and natural, because a devout man. Theresa Von Hofrath saw clearly, without doubt, straight into St. Leger's condition, and gave him sage counsel, when she told him what he needed was *to act.* "Blessed" is such a man emphatically, "when he has found his work." To show this, and to give the true termination to his unhappy internal struggle, we cannot but hope the author of "St. Leger" will run the "Threads of" his "Life" a little further. For once, and not for any bare satisfying of curiosity, we can really say we are sorry the story ends where it does. The impression is sadly, and viciously, incomplete. The hero is left at twenty-three years old; and there is a chance for him yet.

REV. MR. MOUNTFORD. Those who have read *Martyria* and *Euthanasy*, and appreciated the pure tone of religious feeling and the delicate perception of beauty which pervade them from beginning to end, will be glad to learn that their author, the Rev. Mr. Mountford of England, has just arrived in this city. He will probably spend a considerable part of the winter in this vicinity.

[We have been fortunate in the assistance of our poetical friends; and we esteem it one of our special felicities that we are able to be the means of communicating such lines as those which follow, to our readers.]

"FORBEAR YE ONE ANOTHER."

Forbear thine hand! the hasty throb
That quickens in thy breast
May be forgiven, if thou pause;
Is sinful if expressed.

Forbear that word—its subtle taunt
Shall reach and sting thy brother;
Be hushed! remembering who taught,
Forbear ye one another.

Resist not evil; if thy cheek
Be smitten—turn the other;
Blush not to yield—for so ye are
Forbearing one another.

Claim not thy right—thy brother's sin
With kind construction cover;
So shall men pour into thy breast
Full measure, running over.

Pray for thine enemy—that he
With thee may enter heaven;
Remembering that as we forgive,
We pray to be forgiven.

Forbear thine heart from jealous thoughts,
Thine eyes from envious gaze;
Forbear to judge the weak who fall
Upon life's thorny ways.

Keep thine own heart with diligence,
Comfort thy frailer brother,
So shalt thou win his smile who taught
Forbear ye one another.

N.

FUNERAL SERMONS.

By Funeral Sermons we mean those which contain special references to the departed and which, somewhat like an obituary notice, attempt to portray their characters. We bring up the subject for the purpose of making one or two suggestions respecting their value. We suspect they are among the least profitable discourses ever delivered.

1. They are almost invariably eulogies. A minister who is writing of a friend, in whose death-chamber and by whose grave he has within a few days stood, is in no state of mind to describe the character with discrimination and justice. He is surrounded by the surviving friends of the departed, who, as they look back to him who is gone, can, through their tears, see only his virtues; and the minister would be unworthy of his place, who could sit down at the grave's mouth, and coldly analyse the character of him who has just passed on to the tribunal of his Maker.

We doubt of the utility of funeral sermons, because it is impossible that they should be just and discriminating; and when they are not so, the body of the congregation perceive it, and there is danger lest the impression should be made that the minister is incompetent to see the truth, or that he is easily induced by his feelings to be careless of it. No one attributes blame to him; but exaggerated portraitures of character, often repeated, will have the universal effect of inaccuracy and extravagance. It will diminish the confidence of his hearers in the soundness and truthfulness of his mind, and in the end, will detract materially from his influence.

2. We object still more because there is a strong temptation to make the eulogy of the dead, a compliment to those who survive. In most cases such discourses are delivered only on the death of persons who have occupied a large and prominent place in society. In their religious character, they may have been in no way distinguished. If they are spoken of as possessing, to a degree worthy of being specially noticed, the higher moral and religious qualities, the congregation may at first think that the preacher did not properly understand them or was biased by his personal feelings; but if it be found that he selects such persons as the subjects of eulogy, and passes by those of equal or superior worth, but of less note, there is danger lest it should be thought that his standard of the Christian character is a low one, and that the flattery of the dead is still more a flattery of the living.

3. We object to such discourses, thirdly, because they are out of place in the pulpit. The best men are frail and sinful enough; and even if they were not, the pulpit is dedicated to other themes than laudatory notices of men, who at that very moment, may be standing before a higher judgment seat. We do not object to eulogy in its place, but the pulpit is not the place.

It may be thought that such discourses are fitted to awaken the more serious thoughts of survivors. Their influence in this respect, we imagine is over-rated. When often repeated, they become wearisome. The few topics dwelt upon grow monotonous; and when the most serious truths are made use of to introduce very loose and questionable eulogy, and when it is discovered that every man, whatever he was while living, is to receive an apotheosis from the pulpit when dead, they become almost repulsive. Such sermons, above all others, lack that grave truthfulness, necessary to the religious solemnity, which addresses from the pulpit ought ever to possess.

Shall there, then, be no reference to occasions of such interest? We answer, certainly there should be allusion to them; only let it be made in a way which is in harmony with an hour and place set apart for the worhip of Almighty God. And this may be done, without that drawing of characters, to which we have objected. If a death has occurred in a parish, it has been to the minister an important event, and he has seen and heard what has deeply moved his feelings. Let him, while under the influence of these natural and true emotions, select his subject, and prepare his sermons for the Sabbath. It matters not what the subject is. It will be colored and penetrated through and through by his feelings. There need not be one direct allusion to the departed. A stranger might not know that a death had occurred, and yet every sentence will have to the congregation a weightier and more serious meaning because of it. The thoughts of the hearers will be a perpetual commentary on the words of the speaker. There will be a general sympathy of feeling, and the memory of the dead will suggest only serious duties to the living.

THE DIXWELL MONUMENT.

We saw a few days since, at Mr. Cary's on Harrison Avenue, a monument to be erected in New Haven over the grave of John Dixwell, one of the judges of Charles I. It is characterized by great simplicity and good taste. It is of marble—square, and with suitable inscriptions on the sides. It is a fitting monument for the man, and a fitting way for his descendants and the city of New Haven to show honor to one, whose name the world will never forget.

John Dixwell was a gentleman of property and influence in the county of Kent. In his ideas, he sympathized very much with Hampden. He was a Colonel in the army; served for a considerable time in Parliament; and was one of the High Court which condemned Charles to death. After the Restoration, with Goffe and Whalley, he escaped to this country, and under the name of James Davids, lived for twenty years in New Haven, where he died. The grave-yard in which he was buried was in the Public Square, and recently, when the remains in other graves were disinterred and removed to another place, his grave, on account of its historical associations, was left undisturbed. This monument is erected by his descendants under the sanction and authority of the city government.

On opening the grave, a large part of the skeleton was found still preserved. The skull was in a state to be measured. The arms were disposed along the sides; and there, silent and motionless, have these mortal remains, once vivified by an ardent and determined spirit, been lying for one hundred and sixty years. He was driven to this land to escape death for having been a defender of liberty. Since then a powerful empire, buttressed about by free institutions, and which derived its existence from such men as he, has been reared over his grave.

We have caught our idea of the regicides from such writers as Hume. Doubtless among them there were unworthy persons, but on the whole, the world has never seen men, built on a larger model than they and those who composed the party of Independents to which they belonged. Even Hume confesses that England owes to them the best part of her liberty. They may have done rough work in a rough way; but they were men of noble natures, and labored and sacrificed themselves for all coming time. We who sit in judgment on them, owe it to them that we dare to think and speak freely on politics or religion. Honor be to the men who had the wisdom to see and the manhood to maintain at any cost, that the life of freedom was more sacred, than the life of a king!

VICARIOUS ATONEMENT.

The New York Evangelist has published another article on the atonement, the greater part of which is taken up in proving points which we are ready to admit. The idea of sacrifice entered deeply into the religious feeling of the ancient world, and among many nations sacrifices were in some cases regarded as strictly expiatory or vicarious. We admit all this, and besides have no decisive philosophical objections to the doctrine of the atonement as defined by the Evangelist. The subject as there defined lies in a province wholly beyond the reach of human speculation. The influence of Christ's death in removing any obstruction to man's salvation that might exist in the moral economy of the universe, is what we can know nothing about except through a special revelation from God. What then do the scriptures teach in respect to it? We have already in our paper for Dec. 8, by way of reply to the Evangelist, given our reply to this question. The death of Christ may have some such influence; but we do not find the doctrine in the Scriptures. In its second article on the subject the Evangelist recurring again to the Jewish sacrifices, says:—"It is a question of fact, whether the Jewish sacrifices were of this character. Was the victim sacrificed as a substitute for the infliction of a civil penalty or a Divine judgment on the offender! Was the offender actually released from his penal liability, upon offering the sacrifice? In other words, was the sacrifice vicarious and propiatory, or expiatory? Now, it seems to us, that the case mentioned in Lev. 6; 1—7 is a sufficient proof of the fact in question. The offering is called "a trespass offering;" as such it is to be brought by the offender to the Lord, through the mediation of the priest. The priest, then, by means of the victim, is to "make an atonement for him before the Lord;" and then, it is added, "it shall be forgiven him for anything of all that he hath done in trespassing therein." If the offender is forgiven, then some penalty must be remitted. The offering of the victim is accepted instead of the infliction of the penalty. This offering, then, is *vicarious*, for it is actually substituted for the penalty. A propitiation is made, since the offender is forgiven. Many other instances can be adduced of a similar character, and where similar language is used.

"A symbolical transfer of guilt to the victim, that is, the treatment of the victim as if guilty, or as bearing the sins of men, must have been an idea familiar to the mind of the Jew. This is evident from Lev. 16: where we have an account of the ceremony of confessing the sins of the people over the goat, and where it said, "the goat shall bear upon him all the iniquities, unto a land not inhabited."

The defect in this reasoning lies in assigning to the closing part of a complex act the efficacy which belonged to the whole. Unless a seal is affixed, a deed is void in law. Now if on this ground we should maintain that the seal has some mysterious power through which alone real-estate may be conveyed from one to another, it would be from a process of reasoning precisely parallel to that employed by the Evangelist.—When, after making restitution, the offender by a solemn public sacrifice had in the sight of God and man *sealed* the confession of his guilt, the penalty was remitted and pardon granted. The sacrifice may be regarded as the seal solemnly put on the whole transaction and giving to it its legal solidity. So the death of Christ may be regarded as the seal of the new covenant. Among the Jews, the sacrifice, like the signing and sealing of a contract, as the public consummation or completion of the whole complex act, stands before us as the symbol of all that has been done, and therefore in itself the sign or symbol of the atonement which has been made. Unquestionably it was this, but we find no evidence that it was in itself anything strictly vicarious and as such accepted of God instead of the penalty otherwise required. "The offender was forgiven," "the penalty was remitted," but we have no proof, that the '*offering of the victim* was accepted instead of the infliction of the penalty," and "actually substituted for it." The whole transaction,—restitution, penitence, confession and sacrifice—was of a vicarious character, and actually substituted for the penalty.

Were it not for our desire to keep strictly to the argument before us, we should be glad to enter more at large into the meaning of all the Jewish sacrifices and symbolical rites. The scape-goat was symbolical of sins put away, and, if the victim had only been slain, would furnish more decisive proof of a vicarious sacrifice than anything that we now find.

We would ask permission to put here a question which comes to us often with great force. The atonement, as explained by the Evangelist, has reference to the removal of some obstruction which otherwise must have prevented God from extending to us the means of salvation. But so long as we believe that no such obstruction now exists, and that God and his Son have done all that needed to be done on their part for our salvation, how can the opinion that we may hold of the atonement have any saving or very important influence on us? Faith in Christ and in God as revealed to us in his Son, a faith showing itself in the fidelity of our lives, in prayer, in submitting our hearts to the influences of the holy Spirit, in love to God and love to man, is, it seems to us, the one thing needful to our salvation, and every attempt to narrow down the largeness of this holy Catholic faith into a belief in metaphysical doctrines, is, we cannot but think, unfavorable to the best influences of our religion.

As to a discussion with the Evangelist on the divinity of Christ, we neither propose it nor shrink from it. The subject is one in which there is a considerable difference of opinion among ourselves. The more we attempt to analyse the nature of Christ on any hypothesis, the more do we feel baffled and humbled as in the presence of a subject beyond our comprehension. We have read the article in the Evangelist on Dr. Bushnell's theory, and are obliged to say that the term demi-god, which it applies to Christ, struck us as irreverent towards him at whose name every knee shall bow and every tongue confess him to be Lord to the glory of God the Father. The only point that we care to argue here and on which our minds are entirely clear, is, that Christ was not the Supreme God and must not be worshipped as such.

[For the Register.]

MANCHESTER, Dec. 28th, 1849.

MESSRS. EDITORS:

I promised one of your number to write a few lines giving an accouut of our "Sale and Party" on Christmas Eve. There is little of interest to communicate, but as our friends abroad have manifested a kindly desire for our success, it may be well simply to write the result.

Early in the day, a severe snow-storm commenced, which, contrary to the hopes of many, continued without cessation through the evening. But notwithstanding the unpleasant weather we had at least a thousand persons present, filling our spacious City Hall very satisfactorily. This is said to have been the largest number ever present on a similar occasion in this place.

There were one or two very pleasant things connected with the gathering, and among them might be mentioned the fact that the various religious societies in the place were largely represented, several of the clergymen being also present. A general state of kind feeling and of mutual good understanding exists among us here at the present time, of which this is only one of the many indications. May it be perpetual.

But that which was particularly gratifying to us as a society was the arrival in an extra train of some sixty or more of our friends connected with the Unitarian Society in Concord, together with their pastor, Rev. Mr. Woodbury. This interest in our welfare, whose manifestation the storm could not prevent, was most opportune and will serve to bind the two societies together in yet closer bonds of intimacy and friendship. In a state where the ruling ecclesiastical influences are all antagonistic to our faith, the Unitarian churches should regard themselves as essentially one, having a common interest, and should look upon their clergy as colleague pastors of that one church. Mutual aquaintance is all which is needed to produce this result, and I trust we may ere long see a State Unitarian Convention at which every society within our borders is represented by numerors delegates.

The members of the society at Nashua were many of them intending to be present and had arranged a party for that purpose, but as they were to come in sleighs and not by the cars the storm necessarily prevented our meeting them here. This was a source of much regret to us.

About two hundred and twenty dollars above expenses were realized from this occasion, which exceeded much our expectations and will greatly aid us in furnishing our church and in other needful matters.

After all, the money received in this way is but a secondary, if an important consideration. The mutual acquaintance formed in a society whose members are those *working* together for a common object, the higher value we always place upon institutions for whose support we toil hard, the friendly interchange of courtesies between societies usually separated by distance or opinion, these are the truly valuable results and without them such occasions were worse than useless.

The society here has known in times past many hours of depression and almost hopeless struggle; their toils and sacrifices have endeared them to one another, and now that the day of comparative prosperity has dawned upon them it was well they should have a festival ushering in their "merry Christmas."

I have alluded to the Concord society in speaking of the visit of our friends from that place. One word further, which all who love our Zion will be glad to hear. It was with *great satisfaction* that I passed a Sabbath with them a few weeks since. They are prospering under the judicious and straightforward ministry of Bro. Woodbury. Never were they firmer or more united than now. Additions are constantly making to their number, and the serious, devout attendance on the services of the sanctuary even on a stormy day evidences *spiritual* as well as temporal prosperity. The post is an arduous one, of great requirement and difficulty, but every indication is now given that the best hopes both of the pastor and his society will be realized.

We are in the midst of a grand, New Hampshire winter, and the sounds of the "merrie bells" and the occasional shout of glad children which may be heard as I write, are abundant proof that our citizens, both old and young, are innocently enjoying to the utmost the Christmas Holidays.

That your readers may all be doing likewise is the wish of

Truly, yours,

A. B. F.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

HISTORY OF SPANISH LITERATURE: by George Ticknor, in three volumes. New York, Harper & Brothers.

We have received this work from Crocker & Brewster, of this city. It is as perfect in its kind as any work that we have read,—full in the information it gives down to minute particulars, discriminating at once and comprehensive in thought, refined almost to fastidiousness, and, at the same time, generous and catholic in taste, carrying us through all the departments of a literature not always the most pure, yet leaving in the imagination no image which might not be cherished with perfect innocency in the mind of a nun. It is written in a style of transparent English, narrating facts distinctly, rising sometimes without effort into passages of great poetic beauty and eloquence, and as naturally subsiding into an even, unimpassioned flow. It contains, we feel perfectly sure, all that it is important to know about the subject. Whether we regard it as a history of Spanish Literature, or a portraiture of the Spanish character through successive generations, or as an accomplished guide in the study of those great elements of human nature, which, in the works of genius, overleap national distinctions, we shall find it exceedingly interesting and instructive, and as honorable to the literature of our country as any work that has ever come from the American press.

PHILO, AN EVANGELIAD: by the author of Margaret. Boston, Phillips Sampson, & Co. pp. 244.

We have read this dramatic poem through, giving ourselves up to it and carried on by it from beginning to end; and if we can trust it all the

impression left on our mind, it is a poem of uncommon power and genius. We have not stopped to analyse it, or to determine on æsthetic or ethical grounds what its influence ought to be. We can only say that after being wrapt up in it as in a vision, we come away feeling that it has been good for us to be there. There are images of remarkable beauty, on which the soul may feed in its quiet hours, and passages of such boldness that no other writer among us would dare venture upon them, or, daring, would succeed as this author has. There are parts which may seem wanting in reverence, yet the whole effect on us has been to increase our reverence for sacred things, to confirm our faith, and to make us feel the power and loveliness of our religion. Its philanthropy is large, discriminating and without a sting. The poem is a rich mine for those who love minute criticism; and will, doubtless, shock some good people, as the book of Job would, if it were not one of our sacred books. Parts may be torn out and held up to ridicule. The timid may be frightened, the fastidious offended, the captious find food for their spleen, and the most catholic will meet some things which they must condemn. But there is an energy of expression, a Titanic play of humor, a strength, and with all its roughness, a delicacy of religious feeling, an earnestness of purpose, a vigor of imagination, and a reverential loving, living, faith in Christ and his religion, which may more than compensate for many and great faults

Festival of the Sons of New Hampshire: Boston, James French.

This volume of 178 pages, contains a phonographic report by Dr. Stone of the speeches made at the New Hampshire Festival, by Mr. Webster, Judge Woodbury, and others—the names of all present—letters from distinguished individuals—poems by George Kent, James T. Fields, B. B. French, Mrs. S. J. Hale, with several songs, the names of whose authors are not mentioned, and engraved likenesses of Mr. Webster, Judge Woodbury, and Hon. M. P. Wilder. The occasion was one which can never be forgotten by those who were present, and this admirable, and we should think, nearly perfect report of Dr. Stone, will be valuable to every son of New Hampshire, whether present or not at the memorable festival whose doings it records.

Greenwood Leaves: by Grace Greenwood. Boston, Tickner, Reed & Fields, 1850.

These are dashing, lively, sometimes brilliant sketches, full of youthful blood and animal spirits, showing a great deal of native, and of cultivated talent, much facility and grace of expression, but possessing, as their peculiar excellence, the charm which belongs to every thing which flows out of a mind set in motion by a fresh, joyous, exuberant, youthful heart. It is not that they are very wise, or very profound, or very learned, or very logical, but the pulse of youth is in them, and this is as potent and triumphant in books, as it is in the living world.

The Christian Examiner.

The Christian Examiner comes to us, as usual, crowded with good things. No family can read this review constantly without an extended intellectual and literary culture. If it does not find them well informed, it will make them so.

We hope to notice the present number more particularly next week.

The following works, some of which we intend to advert to more at length at our leisure, are from the House of Ticknor & Co., and are creditable to the well-known taste and enterprise of those publishers; they are yet good for New Year's presents:

Robert Browning's Poems: Dramas and Lyrics, 2 vols.

The Sea-side and the Fire-side: by Longfellow.

Old Portraits and Modern Sketches: by Whittier.

Lowell's Poems: complete, in 2 vols.

Greenwood Leaves: by Grace Greenwood.

The Boston Book.

From Crosby & Nichols: Gabriel, a Story of Wichnor Wood: by Mary Howitt. Harry and Archie: The Dove: These last are republished from London editions, by the Protestant Episcopal S. S. Union.

Geometrical Puzzle for the Young: by Rev. Thomas Hill, which we are ready to recommend as the best game of the kind ever invented.

NEWS FROM THE CHURCHES.

Ordination at Canton. Mr. Robert P. Rogers, recently of the Divinity school, Cambridge, will be ordained over the Unitarian Society in Canton, Wednesday next, Jan. 19th. Sermon by Rev. Dr. Gannett. Prayer of ordination by Rev. Dr. Lamson. Charge by Rev. Mr. Morison. Right hand of Fellowship by Rev. Mr. Coolidge.

A special train of cars will leave the depot of the Providence Railroad, at a quarter before ten o'clock, A. M.

Bridgeport, Dec. 31st. Madam Van Polanen desires to acknowledge the receipt of ten dollars, contributed by Friends in Bangor, for preaching in her Polanen Chapel; and also ten dollars contributed by a Friend in Boston, for the same purpose, by the hands of James Dimon, Esq. of Fairfield.

Upton.—Rev. Geo. S. Ball, late of Ware, will be installed over the Unitarian Society, recently gathered at Upton, on the 17th inst.

Sermon by Rev. Mr. Lincoln, of Fitchburg.—We are happy to learn that the society is in a very flourishing condition.

North Andover.—Mr. Francis C. Williams has received an invitation to be settled over the Unitarian Church and Society at North Andover—Rev. Mr. Loring, their late much esteemed Pastor, having, from continued ill-health, been obliged to discontinue his labors.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

American Unitarian Association. The third meeting, in aid of the objects of the Unitarian Association, was held at the chapel of the Church of the Saviour in Bedford street last Sunday evening. The meeting was called to order by Deacon Greele, the chairman, and prayer was offered by the Rev. Mr. Fox. The committee, who were appointed at the last meeting, reported a preamble and series of resolutions, which were the subject of discussion at this. We do not possess a copy of these resolutions, and therefore cannot present them to our readers. As, however, they referred chiefly to certain preliminary arrangements, and will again, or at least the important parts of them, be brought prominently before the public, the omission is not of such importance as it otherwise might be. It is perhaps enough to state, that they provided for the appointment of a committee of twelve, who should communicate with the Unitarian churches of Boston and the vicinity for the purpose of obtaining pecuniary aid in behalf of the objects of the American Unitarian Association. The resolutions also provided for the appointment of another committee of five, to make arrangements for a larger and more general meeting, to be held next Monday evening at the Federal street Church. At that time, the subject which has been presented and considered at these preliminary meetings, will be more thoroughly and fully discussed, and, we hope, in the presence of a larger audience.

We do not propose to give a detailed account of the proceedings of this meeting. It partook more of the character of a conference than a public discussion. H. H. Fuller Esq., who presented the resolutions, spoke briefly in their behalf, and in the name of the committee who drafted them. A discussion of a somewhat desultory character then followed upon their acceptance.

Mr. Sullivan doubted if we were ready to accept this report and proceed at once to action.—The objects of the Association were not sufficiently definite. He was in favor of an enlarged missionary effort. Mr. Rogers followed at some length. He spoke earnestly and frankly, and was listened to with profound attention. His views were similar to those of some other gentlemen, who had spoken at previous meetings. He alluded to the want of confidence of the Unitarian body in the Association and to the lack of spirituality and earnest religious zeal in our denomination. We should be glad if it were possible to give our readers a full report of Mr. Rogers's speech, but as we cannot do it justice, we must content ourselves with this bare allusion.

The meeting was then addressed by H. H. Fuller Esq., Rev. Dr. Gannett, Mr. Spooner and others, some of whom spoke to the resolutions, reported by the committee, and some upon subjects connected with the aims and present condition of the American Unitarian Association. The discussion, like that of the previous evenings, was continued to a late hour. Various opinions were expressed and were illustrated and supported by those who presented them. At the close of the discussion, the resolutions were adopted, and the meeting then adjourned to meet at the Federal street Church, next Sunday evening. The invitation which is extended is a general one, and we hope there will be a full attendance. None, who are interested in the missionary effort of our denomination, should be absent.

Clock for Faneuil Hall.—Messrs. Howard & Davis, of Boston, have lately completed a Clock, under the auspices of the Executive Committee of the Society in aid of Social Improvements, and with a view to placing the instrument in Faneuil Hall, as a gift to the city, from the children of Boston

The design of the Clock, by Billings, is beautiful in itself, and has been beautifully executed by Hobbs & Fowle, the carvers; Hopps, the painter; and Samuel Curtis, the gilder. at whose establishment it remains for exhibition, and where the subscription paper is open.

The children and young people of the city and vicinity, have enjoyed several festivities at Faneuil Hall, for a few past seasons. A clock given in their own name will be a happy acknowledgment of this.

This instrument is made in a most desirable manner, and in all probability will continue to mark the hours long after every child, whose name is enrolled among its contributors, shall have returned to the dust. As long as they live, they will remember their gift. And it is hoped that in this way something may be done to develop within them an honorable pride and worthy interest in the Hall, and in the city itself.

The plan meets with great favor, and should this continue, the presentation will take place at the commencement of the ensuing municipal year. This occurs in the middle of the present century, and renders the time doubly appropriate.

No pains will be spared to arrange a Festival for the occasion, that shall be satisfactory and creditable to all concerned.

Full particulars shall be announced in season, through all the papers of the city.

Boston.

Freedom in Georgia. The following bill shows how those inalienable rights, Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit of Happiness, are secured to *all* in our Southern States. This bill has been introduced into the Senate of Georgia. It provides that if any free negro or free person of color shall be found in any county in the state of Georgia on the 1st of February, 1851, it shall be the duty of any justice of the Peace, on information given him on oath, to issue execution directed to the Sheriff, to seize said person, and shall levy and advertise and sell, under the same rules as other sales, said person or persons to the highest bidder. The person giving information against said free negro or free persons of color, to be entitled to one third of the amount of the sale. Citizens may enter into bond, payable to the Inferior Court, to remove said persons out of the limits of the state within three months. If removed and he or they again return, they shall sold without the privilege of removal.

Collection for the Pope. The following is the report of the complete returns from the various Dioceses of the United States of the amounts collected for his holiness Pope Pius IX. It is taken from the *Catholic Magazine:*

Archdiocese of Baltimore	$2,544 48
" St. Louis	953 65
Diocese of Philadelphia	2,777 56
" New York	6,227 41
" Albany	1,340 00
" Boston and Hartford	3,412 25
" Pittsburgh	1,160 00
" Cleveland	200 00
" Richmond	193 67
" Charleston	50 69
" Mobile	317 00
" New Orleans	5,100 00
" Louisville	70 57
" Cincinnati	1,421 28
" Nashville	62 75
" Dubuque	200 00
" Milwaukie	57 00
" Detroit	374 09
" Chicago	637 85
" Vincennes	750 00
" Buffalo	288 00
" Galveston	123 61
From Rev. F. Dalton, Piscataway, Md	28 75
From M. A. Frenaye, Esq., Philadelphia	12 00
	$26,018 99

The Bishop of London upon the Cholera. We are glad to see a Bishop of England as sensible as the following letter indicates. Many of the so-called visitations of Providence would have been avoided, if such advice as his had been followed. Cleanliness and Godliness cannot be easily separated. In a circular letter relating to the appointment of a day for thanksgiving, which has just been sent by the Bishop of London to the clergy of his diocese, the following passage occurs:—"The expected scourge has fallen upon us with awful severity, and has swept away from this vast metropolis at least 15,000 of its inhabitants. Judging from the unvarying tenor of the reports made by the medical inspectors and of other persons who have watched the progress of that fatal disease, I do not hesitate to declare my belief, that by far the greater number of those who have fallen victims to the pestilence might, under God's blessing, have been saved from death, had timely and effectual measures been taken for cleansing and ventilating their dwellings, preventing their over-crowded state, and draining the courts and alleys in which they are situate.

"We shall be chargeable with great folly and want of foresight, as political economists, and guilty, I verily believe, of great sinfulness as a Christian people, if we neglect to profit by the dearly-bought experience of the past, and to take prompt and energetic measures for improving the condition of the laboring classes, by removing the worst, at least, of those evils, which at once render them an easy prey to disease and death, and place them at a hopeless distance from the Church's teaching and ministry. I remarked, in my former letter, that persons immersed in misery and filth are for the most part inaccessible to the motives and consolations of the Gospel."—His lordship then recommends that the alms collected on the thanksgiving day "be applied to the promotion of some well-considered plan for improving the dwellings of the laboring classes," suggesting that such funds "may be safely entrusted to 'the Society for improving the condition of the laboring-classes,' without fear of misapplication or waste."—[London Inquirer.

Dr. Kendall's Anniversary. The fiftieth anniversary of the ordination of the Rev. James Kendall, D. D. as minister of the first Parish in Plymouth. Mass. was celebrated in an exceedingly pleasant manner on New Year's day. The weather was delightful. The church, in which the exercises were held, was filled with a crowded audience. They came, not only from Plymouth and its vicinity, but from Boston and New York, to pay their tribute of regard and affection to one, whose blameless life and Christian character has won the love of all, who have been fortunate enough to know him. It is but simple justice to say of him, that he is one, who never lost a friend or made an enemy.

The exercises in the church were as follows. After a voluntary upon the organ, the following original hymn from the pen of the Rev. Mr. Lunt, was sung by a full choir.

"Come to these yellow sands,"—
Sweet voices seem to say;
In other days we here joined hands,
We'll join them here to-day.

Come to these green-wood bowers,
These waters still and clear;
The fragrance of life's morn is ours,
Its form reflected here.

Come to these homes awhile,
These hearth-stones tread once more;
Familiar faces on us smile,
With greeting as of yore.

Come to this holy hill,
This school of Christian truth;
The white-hair'd Teacher meets us still,
The Shepherd of our youth.

He stands—like sacred oak,
By living waters fed;
And children's children rise t' invoke
A blessing on his head.

Through fifty years that tree
Has planted here its root;
Its branches drop continually
In green old age their fruit.

His closing years be blest!
And when life's work is done,
Kind angels take him to his rest,
The rest that he has won!

Prayer was offered by the Rev. Morrill Allen of Pembroke. Selections from the Scriptures were read by the Rev. Mr. Lunt of Quincy, and another hymn sung, which was followed by a sermon from the venerable pastor. Dr. Kendall, in his discourse, briefly sketched the history and character of two of his immediate predecessors, whose ministrations at the same altar, including his own, extended over a period of more than a century and a quarter. He gave a description, whose brevity was its only fault of the half century of his own labors, and in doing so, took occasion to draw a comparison between the present age of improvement and discovery, and fifty years ago, when he himself was fifteen hours on the road from Boston to Plymouth. He alluded, in a very felicitous manner, to the entire harmony, which has always subsisted between himself and his colleague, and concluded by a word of earnest and solemn exhortation to his parishioners and brethren in the ministry, who were present.

The evening was devoted to a celebration of a more social character. The parish provided an entertainment at the Samoset House and invited Dr. Kendall to meet them there, and partake of it. The whole lower story of the house was opened for the reception of the guest of the Parish and other friends. Around the dining hall, in which an elegant supper table, tastefully ornamented with flowers and not disgraced by wine, was spread, were written in letters of evergreen the names of the six predecessors of Dr. Kendall. His own name was suspended at the head of the hall, and on its left was inscribed 1800, and on the right, the year 1850.

When the company had assembled, a large and comfortable arm chair was presented by Rev. Mr. Briggs, from the young ladies of the society, to their venerable teacher. It was a present, as elegant and tasteful as it was comfortable and acceptable. When Dr. Kendall "had taken the chair," as Mr. Briggs, in the name of the ladies, playfully requested him to do, the company proceeded to discuss the good things upon the table. When this part of the discussion was finished, Mr. Hedge, from the Parish, presented their pastor with a roll of bank bills to the amount, if we heard correctly, of three hundred and twenty dollars. This present was followed by a casket, from the former parishioners of Dr. Kendall, who are now residing in Boston and its vicinity, which contained, in gold, the sum of four hundred dollars.

We are sorry, that we cannot give some account of the speeches that were made and "the good things" which were said during the evening. But they would lose when written so much of the zest and spice, which seasoned them there, that it is better perhaps to leave them to the imagination of our readers. There was nothing to mar the pleasure of the day. Every one was pleased. The venerable Dr., whose countenance is a benediction, had a kind word of greeting for all, and was as happy to receive, as his friends were delighted to give, the tribute of gratitude and love which was bestowed upon him.

THE CHILDREN'S MISSIONARY.

☞ The Children's Missionary, Mr. Barry, has labored for many months in this city. He has obtained places for a large number of destitute children, has induced others to attend our day Schools and Churches, and has established a Sunday School, which has done much good and is increasing in usefulness.

At the present time many children who come under Mr. Barry's influence, are suffering for want of proper clothing. If any young persons have garments which they would like to have judiciously bestowed, they will be most acceptable, and will be gratefully received, if left at Mr Barry's residence, No. 8 Ashland Avenue, (near 680 Washington st.) or (if more convenient) at No. 11 Essex st.

R. C. WATERSTON.

*** If any children in the country, or sewing circle connected with our Churches, should desire to send a gift, it would be most welcome. tf dec8

☞ Meeting in Federal Street Church. A public meeting will be held at the Federal Street Church, on Sunday evening next, Jan. 6th, at 6½ o'clock, in behalf of the American Unitarian Association, and for the increase of its means to carry out its plans of spiritual beneficence in the education and support of Christian preachers, and the circulation of religious writings.

Addresses will be made by several gentlemen of the clergy and laity. All interested are invited to attend. jan5

☞ Sunday Evening Lectures. The next lecture, on Sunday evening, (Jan. 6th,) at the Freeman Place Chapel, on the Life of Jesus, will be on the following subject—

The Temptation and Sinlessness of Jesus. jan5

☞ The Cambridge Ministerial Association will meet in Cambridge, at the house of the Subscriber, on Tuesday, 8th inst. at 2 P. M.

WM. NEWELL, Scribe. jan5

☞ Notice. The Annual Meeting of the Seamen's Aid Society, will be held at the Freeman Place Chapel, (Rev. J. Freeman Clarke's,) nearly opposite the new Athenæum, Beacon Street, on Tuesday morning, Jan. 8, at half past 10 o'clock.

M. BASS, Sec'y S. A. S.

*** Members are requested to bring their subscriptions enclosed in a paper containing their name and place of residence. jan5

☞ Rev. H. M. Dexter will address the public on Temperance at Pine Street Church on Sunday evening next, at 7 o'clock, by invitation of the Young Men's Total Abstinence Society.

*** Young men are especially invited to be present.

☞ Plymouth and Bay Ministerial Association. The next meeting of this Association, will be held at the house of Rev. J. G. Forman, in West Bridgewater, on Tuesday, January 8th, at 5 o'clock, P. M.

dec29 E. NUTE, Scribe.

☞ Notice. At a Meeting of the Plymouth County Bible Society, holden in Middleboro', Dec 11th, J. H. Loud, Esq., of Plymouth, was chosen Treasurer. He having signified the acceptance of the appointment, it is desirable, in order to give interest and success to the Association, that all those Societies or individuals, who contribute to the circulation of the Bible in said County, should forward their amount to him.

jan5 J. C. THACHER, Secretary.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, Dec. 27, by Rev Mr Huntington Mr Benj E. Tucker to Miss Sarah A. Smith, daughter of Capt. Henry Smith of the ship Edward Everett.

Dec. 24, by the same, Mr Wm. H. Defrees to Miss Georgiana Peabody.

Dec. 27, by Rev S. B. Crafts, Joseph K. Clarke, Esq., of Wiscasset, to Miss Lucretia G. Fuller of Augusta, Me.

Mr Daniel Webster Sweetser of New York, to Miss Amelia Hovey of Charlestown; Mr John D. Keating of Boston, to Miss Marietta J. Smith of Cambridge.

Dec. 25, Mr Elbert Clapp to Miss Lucretia Gore.

Dec. 23, Mr Cyrus P. Gould to Miss Lydia Plummer, both of this city.

Dec. 25, Mr Charles L. Lane to Miss Emma J. Dexter, both of Boston.

Dec. 25, Mr Hillard L. Goodale to Miss Sarah E. Bead, both of Boston.

Dec. 26, Mr James French to Miss Lucina, daughter of Simon Wilkinson, Esq., both of Boston.

In Chelsea, Dec. 29, Mr Thomas Punchard of Boston, to Miss Nancy Maria, daughter of the late Pierpont Parker, Esq., of Chelsea.

In Littleton, Jan. 1st, by Rev Mr White, Mr John W. Mulliken of Roxboro', to Miss Harriet B. Harwood of Littleton.

In Andover, Mr James Fleming of North Tewksbury, to Miss Caroline C., daughter of Capt. Jonas Holt of Andover.

In Northboro', Dec. 25, George W. Searle, Esq., of this city, to Miss Sarah F. Fall, daughter of Dr S. Ball of N.

In Providence, 24th inst, by Rev H. Bacon, Mr P. L. Sprout of Salem, to Miss Elizabeth Morgan, daughter of Mr John Morgan of Beverly.

In North Providence, Mr Charles W. Knowles of Norton, Mass., to Miss Ellen M. P. Sumner, late of Bowdoinham, Me.

DEATHS.

In this city, Dec. 21, of consumption, Mr George W. Webster, 34, formerly of Portsmouth, N. H.

Dec. 29, Mrs Lydia Bailey, 68.

Dec. 30, Hon. B. J. Gilbert, 55. The deceased was a native of Brookfield, Mass., was educated at Yale College, studied law with the Hon. Dwight Foster, of Brookfield, practised his profession at Hanover, N. H., in which State he was an honorary associate at the bar with George Baxter Upham, Judge Ellis, Judge Smith, Jeremiah Mason, Daniel Webster, and others who have adorned their profession.

Dec. 30, at the Massachusetts Hospital, Mrs Arvilla Richardson of Vermont, 26.

Dec. 21, Thomas Wilkie, son of Frederick Le Cain, 14 yrs.

Dec. 26, Charles Emerson, only son of C. E. King, 2½ yrs.

Dec. 19, Mr Jacob Thaxter, 94.

In Cambridge, Dec. 25, Mrs Lucy S., wife of Marshall M. Gault, 30.

In Chelsea, Dec. 26, Capt. Andrew Green, 71.

In Charlestown, Dec. 24, Morris Augustus, son of Morris and Abigail T. Kelly, 5 yrs 21 days 25th, Mr Andrew Stimpson, a revolutionary pensioner, 94 yrs 6 mos.

In East Boston, Dec. 26, Mrs Elsy E. True, 33, formerly of London, Eng., wife of Joseph G. True.

In Cohasset, Dec. 19, suddenly, John Hunt, 62, formerly of Hull. The deceased retired to bed in perfect health on Wednesday night, and was found dead on Thursday morning.

In Charleston, S. C., Dec. 16, after an illness of three days, Wm Templeton, youngest son of Wm W. and Mary Motley of Boston, 18 yrs.

In Detroit, Mich., Nov. 26, Lucretia, wife of J. B. Long, and youngest daughter of Mr James Rugg of Lancaster, Mass., 33.

In Sacramento City, California, Sept. 29, Charles Hull Smith, of New York, 19 years, a grandson of the late Mrs Hickman of Newton.

In San Francisco, Nov 6, of consumption, Daniel P. Andrews, 22, late of Providence, R. I.

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Boston, Nov. 19, 1849. is3m&os

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[From the Commercial Advertiser.]

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E. H. would also inform his friends that he has made an arrangement with Mr. ABRAHAM KIMBALL of Salem, of the late firm of Kimball & Sargent, to superintend the Store 170 Washington Street.

☞ In accordance with the above arrangement, the subscriber has removed to Boston, 170 Washington Street, where he will be pleased to wait upon his friends and old patrons, and execute any orders that they may entrust to his care.

dec2 1yiz ABRAHAM KIMBALL.

On Tuesday, Jan 1st, we shall publish,

The Christian Examiner and Religious Miscellany, for January, 1850.

[Edited by Rev. George Putnam, D. D., and Rev. Geo. E. Ellis.] Contents.

Art. I. The British Empire in India.
II. Porter's Principles of Textual Criticism.
III. Recent English Lyric's.
IV. Baron Humboldt's Cosmos.
V. Bowen's Lowell Lectures.
VI. Bartol's Sermons.
VII. Ticknor's History of Spanish Literature.
VIII. Notices of Recent Publications.
IX. Religious and Literary Intelligence.

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My Teacher's Present, for 1850. On Christmas Week, will be issued, "My Teacher's New Year's Present, for 1850," by Rev. F. T. Gray.

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Peabody's Literary Remains. This day published, and for sale by BENJ. H. GREENE, 124 Washington street. "The Literary Remains of the late Rev. W. B. O. Peabody, D. D." This volume is composed of Prose and Poetical Writings of the author, and is embellished with a Portrait. 3t dec22

The Subscriber wishes to give German, Latin and French lessons. He is thoroughly acquainted with them.

FRED. W. A. BOGEN, Pastor of the German Evang. Lutheran Church, Boston, West Castle Street, No. 14. dec22 2is

Mr. Judd's New Book. Philo, an Evangelist, by the Author of Margaret

Old Portraits and Modern Sketches, by John G. Whittier.

New Poems, by Hannah F. Gould, 1 vol; Gabriel, a Story of Wichnor Wood, by Mary Howitt; the Seaside and the Fireside, by H. W. Longfellow; Rose Marian and the Flower Faries, by Mrs. Child; Sketches and Stories from Life, by Mrs. Lee, Author of Three Experiments of Living; Richard H. Dana's Poems and Prose Writings, 2 vols.

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REMOVAL.

We would respectfully inform our customers and the public that we have removed from our old stand, No. 201,

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ALEPINES, QUILTS, BLANKETS,

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POETRY.

[For the Register.]

THE SOUL'S RELEASE.

Ye deem it well,
When drowsy infants press the mother's breast,
When reach the distant fold the weary herd,
When panting fledglings light upon the nest,
Or lolling teams repose upon the sward,
Released from toil.

And ye are glad,
For the faint desert pilgrim at the shrine,
The wanderer at night-fall, sheltered with care,
For him whose blinded orbs sees starlight shine,
And a whole world with beauty bright and fair,
Eternal clad.

Then mourn not one,
Whose early wounds no latent balm hath healed
More weary than at eve returning herd;
Or 'neath the yoke the heated team a-field,
Or child at sunset, or the panting bird,
But newly flown.

Nay, give him joy:—
Tired pilgrim—wanderer the desert o'er,
His staff beside the threshold or the shrine;
Him to whose longing eyes now cleaves no more
The withering birth-mark, darkening the divine,—
Give heavenly joy.

[The following lines come to us accompanied by a very pleasant letter from which we extract a sentence or two.]

MR. REED.

Dear Sir,—I take pleasure in enclosing my subscription for the Register for the coming year.

Your paper is one of my oldest friends—we are just of the same age, and have always been companions—but I perceive my friend grows better, as well as better looking continually, and my glass and conscience whisper no such flattering tale to me. I plainly perceive that, it is destined not only to out-live me, but also to do a great deal more good in the world. With best wishes, yours, &c.

[For the Register.]

MY FATHER.

Full threescore years and ten my father's form
Hath felt life's sunshine and its storm,
And gently, silently, those years have shed
Their snows upon his reverend head,
And toil and care have left their trace
In deep'ning furrows on his face.

But yet his heart hath felt no frost,
His eye hath not its brightness lost,
His voice still bears the clear, deep tone
To the full strength of manhood known,
As firm his hand, his step as free
In labors for oppressed humanity.

I know that he hath reached the narrow bound
Affixed to human life by God's command;
But while nor mind, nor heart grow cold,
How can I deem my father old?
I look with pitying love on other aged men,
But not on him as threescore years and ten.

I think of those who sat upon his knee,
And shared his hearth and heart with me,
Who early faded from the earth away,
Like flowers that wither in the morning's ray,—
And pray, the years by their young eyes unseen
May lengthen out those *threescore years and ten.*

CHRISTMAS THREE CENTURIES AGO.

George Wither, a most enthusiastic old English poet, who lived between two and three centuries ago, has depicted in graphic style the joyful observance of Christmas in his day. A few of his genial verses will not be out of place at this time.

"Lo, now is come our joyful'st feast!
Let every man be jolly;—
Each roome with ivie leaves is drest,
And every post with holly.
Though others' purses be more fat,
Why should we pine or grieve at that;
Hang sorrow! care will kill a cat,
And therefore let's be merry!"

Now all our neighbors' chimneys smoke,
And Christmas blocks are burning;
Their ovens they with bak't meats choke,
And all their spits are turning.
Without the door let sorrow lye,
And if, for cold, it hap to die,
We'll bury 't in a Christmas pie,
And evermore be merry!"

AMBROSE.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

Never, surely was holier man
Than Ambrose since the world began;
With diet spare and raiment thin,
He shielded himself from the father of sin;
With bed of iron and scourgings oft,
His heart to God's hand as wax made soft.

Through earnest prayer and watchings long
He sought to know 'twixt right and wrong,
Much wrestling with the blessed word
To make it yield the sense of the Lord,
That he might build a storm-proof creed
To fold the flock in at their need.

At last he builded a perfect faith
Fenced round about with *The Lord thus saith:*
To himself he fitted the doorway's size,
Meted the light to the need of his eyes,
And knew by a sure and inward sign,
That the work of his fingers was divine.

Then Ambrose said, "All those shall die
The eternal Death who believe not as I;"
And some were boiled, some burned in fire,
Some sawn in twain, that his heart's desire,
For the good of men's souls, might be satisfied
By the drawing of all to the righteous side.

One day, as Ambrose was seeking the truth
In his lonely walk he saw a youth
Resting himself in the shade of a tree;
It had never been given him to see
So shining a face; and the good man thought,
"I were pity he should not believe as he ought.

So he sate himself by the young man's side,
And the state of his soul with questions tried;
But the heart of the stranger was burdened indeed,
Nor received the stamp of the one true creed,
And the spirit of Ambrose was vexed to find
Such face in front of so narrow a mind.

"As each beholds in cloud and fire
The shape that fulfils his own desire,
So each," said the youth, "in the Law shall find
The figure and features of his mind;
And to each in his mercy hath God allowed
His several pillar of fire and cloud."

The soul of Ambrose burned with zeal
And holy wrath for the young man's weal;
"Believest thou, then, most wretched youth,"
Cried he, "a dividual essence in Truth?
I fear me thy heart is too cramped with sin
To take the Lord in his glory in."

Now there bubbled beside them, where they stood,
A fountain of waters sweet and good;
The Youth to the streamlet's brink drew near
Saying, "Ambrose, thou maker of creeds, look here!"
Six vases of crystal then he took
And set them along the edge of the brook.

"As into these vessels the water I pour,
There shall one hold less, another more,
And the water unchanged, in every case,
Shall put on the figure of the vase;
O, thou, who would'st unity make through strife,
Can'st thou fit this sign to the Water of Life?"

When Ambrose looked up, he stood alone,
The Youth and the stream and the vases were gone,
But he knew by a sense of humbled grace,
He had talked with an Angel, face to face,
And felt his heart change inwardly,
As he fell on his knees beneath the tree.

MISCELLANEOUS.

PROTESTANT SISTERS OF CHARITY.

Upon one of these flat banks, not far from Dusseldorf, rises the little, low town of Kaiserswerth. Some ruins and walls of the time of the Romans give to it a romantic coloring, although they produce but little effect.

About fifteen years ago, Fleidner, the pastor of the Evangelical Church here, together with his wife, founded an institution at this place for the education of good nurses for the sick, who were called, according to the appellation of such in the early Christian Church, deaconesses. Hither were invited young woman of all classes. To this was afterwards added an asylum were female offenders and those who had suffered the punishment of the law might on leaving prison, be received and educated anew for an improved return to society. Later, a large hospital was built, and after that an infant-school, an orphan-house, and a seminary for the instruction of the infant-schools.

The deaconess-house instantly flourished, and won for itself a universal interest, which still continues to increase. Within the first year of its existence, female auxiliary societies sprang up in fifteen different towns in Germany, whilst other establishments, which resembled the parent institution at Kaiserswerth, were formed in various places in Germany, Switzerland, France, Holland, and England, all belonging to the Evangelical Church. Not far from this place, at Duissburgh, an establishment has been formed under the management of Fleidner, for the training of deacons, or Christian nurses for the sick of the male sex.

The deaconess-house at Kaiserswerth receives but few of its members from the higher classes of society. They are those educated not merely as nurses for hospitals, but for prisons, and for the care and the education of children, each and all according to their various gifts and inclinations. There were at the time when we were there about one hundred servants in the establishment, and of these seventy-four were initiated deaconesses. The others were still in their year of probation, and were called servants-on-trial. Initiation takes place after a trial of six or eight months, after which the period of servitude continues for five years, at the expiration of which the deaconess is at liberty either to leave her calling or to bind herself to it anew, according to her inclinations. During the five years, however, she may be released from her duties if any sufficient cause demands it. The number of the deaconesses or "sisters," as they are called in the establishment, is taken annually, and in proportion as they increase in number, so increase the necessity for them and the demand for their assistance, even in distant countries. They have been already sent for from Berlin, Dresden, Frankfort, Muhlhausen, and many other places, to undertake the management of hospitals or infant-shools. It is not long since the Prussian minister in London, Chevalier Bensen, requested that two sisters might be sent over to take superintendence of a German hospital which he had established in London. These excellent sisters have even been sent to the East Indies.

The number of sick who are under the care of the institution increases annually, and it is impossible to receive all who make application for that purpose. During the last year, five hundred and sixty-eight sick persons, all of the lower classes, have been housed and cared for by the institution.

It was for this office and for this life that Miss T., still in the flower of her youth, with agreeable manners, and caressed by the world, had resigned all the pleasures which wealth and a respectable position could obtain for her in the great city where she resided.

We looked around for Miss T. immediately on landing at Kaiserswerth; but no Miss T. was to be seen. We were conducted through the little town or village to a house where preparations were made for our reception. This was a proof that we were expected, and that Miss T. was really at Kaiserswerth.

We found a pleasant little room ready for us in which all the furniture was white. The walls were whitewashed, the entire bedding with its curtains were as white as snow. For the rest there was no ornament whatever. "This is the style of Kaiserswerth," thought I, and I felt myself especially delighted.

We ordered tea; seated ourselves, wondered whether anybody would come to look after us, and then determined to go out on a journey of discovery through the town. Hardly had we come to this resolve when we heard a light, dancing step upon the wooden stairs which led to our room; the door opened, a tall, classically formed figure, in a high black dress, with an agreeable, beaming countenance, and the gayest and most friendly blue eyes, presented herself. My friend uttered an exclamation, sprang up, and she and the stranger embraced each other with the warmest affection. This was Miss T. I scarcely knew whether I had ever seen a more agreeable, kind, frank countenance, or a more cheerfully harmonious being than the one who now stood before me.

In a little while Miss T. conducted us to Fleidner's establishment. As she descended the stairs, she bounded down the last three steps. There was a something wonderfully buoyant and as it were dancing in her whole figure, although perfectly developing all the roundness of youth and health. She unquestionably moved more lightly and with greater freedom of action than any other human being. She seemed, as it were, borne upon invisible wings.

Fleidner himself was from home this evening and would not return till the following morning, and his wife had not recovered from her recent confinement. We certainly had not arrived at Kaiserswerth under favorable circumstances.

In the reception-room I saw the portrait of Gustavus Adolphus, and in the little bookcase a volume on the same subject written by Fleidner himself for the use of the people. It was by this time so dark that we could not see anything of the establishment. We were, however, invited to stay to supper. A couple of the gentlemen of the institution, the physician, and the secretary, Miss T. and two of the sisters with Fleidner's eldest daughter, a merry little girl of ten years old, seated themselves at the table, and these constituted our little party. This simple meal brought to mind the banquets on the Rhine—by way of contrast.

The stars shone splendidly above our heads, as we betook ourselves through the quiet streets of the little town to our home, where we reposed pleasantly on our white beds. Miss W. had not found much opportunity for private conversation with her friend, but yet sufficient for her to discover how contented, how beyond all expectation happy she was in her new circumstances; how she had found the best of father and friends in the so-much-dreaded Fleidner, and in his wife a sister and mother.

The following day we spent in making ourselves acquainted with the whole establishment and with its numerous subdivisions. On every hand we saw order and neatness; on every hand we met among the sisters bright and kind countenances. The hospital for children made the most lively impression upon me, because it was a happiness to see these little creatures, all suffering from various and often severe diseases, yet all cheerful and with occupation of some kind; to hear them singing songs, and to see them, spite of distorted or diseased limbs, evidently merry and happy in themselves. One little girl who was lame in her hands and arms, was sorting rags with her toes. Among upwards of twenty whom I saw here assembled in a light and spacious hall, many were suffering from carious bone, a disease which is very prevalent in this district. The sister who had the care of these was a young woman with deep and affectionately beaming eyes, though of delicate appearance. She had been a great invalid before she came, but had, she said, in consequence of her great activity been very much better in health at this place.

There were at this time eleven women in the Evangelical Asylum, who were brought hither from prison. They were each placed in a separate cell which opened into a private passage, and two sisters always remained with them, one at each end of their range of cells. During the day they worked together under the direction of the sisters and were instructed in various kinds of employment.

The deaconess mother-house is the common dwelling of the sisters. Here they live, two and two, in little cell-like rooms, in which there is no other ornament than the utmost neatness. It is to this "mother-house" that they may return from foreign lands when they require rest, or when they are ill; it is here also that they may have a home and be cared for when old age disables them from working and serving.

The sisters wear a uniform dress of dark blue cotton spotted with white, with a white collar and a simple white cap. A little lace border to the cap distinguishes the uninitiated sisters from the initiated, the proper deaconesses. In one room, a young sister but lately come sat alone making her dress, and another sister lay ill of consumption, but upon her peaceful countenance there was no trace of suffering. She looked calm and happy. The physician of the place is a man, but the office of apothecary is entirely filled by one of the deaconesses, who has been duly instructed, and who has passed through a preparatory examination. Assuredly the time will come when women will study and practice the business of the physician; nature seems to have intended them for the practice of the healing art, and their bias thereto, aided by science, would be of incalculable service to humanity.

"In Queen Christina's time," relates the historian Fryxell, "the duties of physicians were mostly performed by wise women, and there were in those days very few sick in the country."

Miss W. and I were invited to take our afternoon coffee with the deaconesses. Thirty sisters in their blue and white dresses took their seats at a long table in a large hall, and I can with truth testify that I never before saw such an assembly of cheerful, kind, and peaceful countenances. Before each person stood a cup; the coffee was contained in a tall, earthenware pot, which was placed in the middle of the table. A silent thanksgiving was made by every one before they took their seats. There was then poured into each cup a grayish kind of liquid, which was intended to represent coffee, but as to the taste of coffee it really did not possess that; probably it was rye coffee mingled with milk. It was drunk without sugar, and I confess that it was only with difficulty that I could empty my cup. The excellent deaconesses, however, seemed to drink with right good-will this beverage, which no servant-maid in Sweden would have tasted. The bread, on the contrary, which was distributed round with the coffee, was remarkably nice, white, and beautiful. There was little said, but that little was unconstrained and full of cheerfulness. They soon, however, all left the table, part to go to their employment and part to chapel, there being this day afternoon service. My friend and I accompanied the latter. The chapel was built of wood, a spacious room devoid of ornament and without even an altar-cloth. The clergyman spoke of Mrs. Fry and of works of benevolence in general, but in quite too declamatory a manner; I became unspeakably sleepy and my friend slept. Here everything is removed from divine worship which is calculated to elevate and warm the mind, and an unusual degree of spiritual power is requisite to keep the mind awake, especially so soon after dinner. The struggle of reason is obliged to come in aid of the meagerness of the mind and the weakness of the body, but here there is nothing which can call it forth.

In the afternoon Fleidner returned. He is a middle-aged man, whose exterior exhibits a high degree of perseverence and firmness. His demeanor is grave, earnest, and simple. Towards evening, I was present at a lecture given by him to the young girls who are being educated for teachers of infant schools They are most of them the daughters of poor clergymen and schoolmasters, and are received here to go through a suitable course of instruction, after which they easily obtain situations which secure to them a useful life and sufficient income. There were at the lecture upwards of thirty of this class. If I was sleepy during the sermon, I was on this occasion wakeful enough, so lively was the pleasure which I experienced from Fleidner's mode of communicating instruction. He read a chapter from the book of Daniel, and at every verse inquired, "And what subject does this furnish for children?"

The manner and the tone of voice in which he himself made the reply was worthy of all admiration, and could not fail of making a strong impression on the young. In evidence of this, their eyes were riveted upon him with unbroken attention whilst he called upon sometimes one and sometimes another to give an answer. In the intervals they sang little songs suitable for children. This mode of instruction was especially calculated to call forth and to develope the mental powers of these young girls.

My friend, who was not quite well, returned early to our lodgings in the town, accompanied by Miss T. Fleidner gave me his company for the evening, as he saw that I wished it; and the kindness and candor with which he replied, even to some of my questions which might appear impertinent, when he saw my earnestness on the subject, I shall always remember with gratitude.

It was dark when Fleidner had the goodness to accompany me to my inn. His great reverence for Gustavus Adolphus and Oxenstiern, and the circumstance of his quoting their opinions in the course of our conversation, delighted me.

The following day was devoted to a still more extended survey of the institution. In conversation with the sisters in the sick room, and amid their various vocations, I put to them my usual question, and received generally this candid answer, "Yes, we are happy!" Many who had formerly suffered from bad health, had here fully recovered health and strength.

The female superintendent of a hospital in Frankfort arrived on a visit, and it was affecting to hear the lively and kind inquiries of the sisters, after "those sisters who had been sent from Kaiserswerth to Frankfort." Other travellers also arrived; English countesses, German princes, American citizens; and all these had to be conducted through the whole establishment.—The continual stream of travellers who came to Kaiserswerth "to see it," appeared to me one of the greatest plagues, and I wonder that there are not one or two certain days in the week appointed for this purpose.

Again and again to-day, either in the sick-room or with strangers, we fell in with Miss T., and saw her always the same, always borne aloft on the same invisible wings; all her movements, words, glances, seemed inspired by I know not what, gay and elevating harmony: and here—yes, here, there is no mistake about it—here, and in her person, had I found *the happy human being.*

She had not words to express the feeling of freedom, peace and happiness, which had filled her soul ever since she had come hither; since she had bid adieu forever to the world and all its pleasures, and had here determined her sphere of activity, her future life.

"I am so well, so cheerful, and so happy in mind!" said she; "it can hardly continue thus—that would be too much for this world!"

Yes, thus had I dreamed to myself, thus had I imagined must be the *happy human being;* and now I had found her!

But this happiness was at that time very young, only a few months old. "May it only still continue!" said I, in the words of her amiable sisters; and now if these words, written two years afterwards, should meet her eye, will she permit me inquire, "Has it still continued?" and will she not vouchsafe me an answer?

Early on the morning of the following day we left Kaiserswerth.

This great and annually increasing establishment, supported entirely by voluntary donations and contributions, is a strong evidence of the ability of the manager, and of the spirit which influences him. It is this spirit and such works as these, which powerfully bear witness that Christianity is not doctrine, not mere tradition, not merely historical, but that beyond everything else it is *a life,* a living, animating, and life-producing life. It is that life of which the Chevalier Benson, the Prussian minister in London, in his liberal and truly Christian work on the "Church of the Future," speaks in the following words:—

"New shoots full of vitality put forth from all sides, and reveal a life rich in hope for the future. The most astonishing and the most significant, however, appear to us to be those within the dominion of the church, which provide for the poor, the sick, and the prisoner. We are met by a multitude of men and women who have founded institutions for the care of homeless children and orphans; for the consolation of the imprisoned and the sick; workers and co-operators rich in piety and power; a company of deaconesses who perform the deeds of sisters of charity without their binding vows, in the entire freedom of apostolic life, and in the power of a free, because a grateful sentiment of love. They who reflect that the office of deacon failed in the early church, because for its full developement there was needed a community of feeling between the clergy and the laity, and a perfect acknowledgment of the ministerial priesthood, of which Peter speaks in his first epistle, second chapter, and ninth verse, will easily see how momentous to the history of the world is this fact, that among the most vigorous shoots of vitality in the church, the office of deacon—that of servant—is the one which puts forth the most vigorous bloom.—*This is the office of love, and before every other, the office of the future church.* In this is the existing element of the approaching church, the pangs of whoose birth we all experience; this is the community to which the groans of the animal world, and the frightfully increasing woe of humanity appeal; this is the office which is open to all; this is the confession of faith to which every church gives permission; and in this is the central point from which alone every community of the future church may advance towards its inner life."

I add to the above, and in this is the home, the sphere of operation in which the poor and the mean of the world may become esteemed, noble, and useful members of the community, and not merely the unemployed of the lower class, no, but those of a higher class, "our poor-rich, our poor high-born, young women," as Amelie Sieveking said, may find here an opportunity for activity which would be beneficial both to society and to humanity, and without which they never would attain to. There is everwhere a superfluity of the unemployed, even in the higher regions of society. And if they here become servants, they at the same time are elevated to *high-born* in the kingdom of God; and even in the judgment of the world, for although the world may ridicule and blame that which appears eccentric in these respects, it always secretly esteems them.

THE YEOMAN.

The man who stands upon his own soil, who feels, that by the laws of the land in which he lives—he is the rightful and exclusive owner of the land which he tills, is by the constitution of our nature, under a wholesome influence not easily imbibed from any other source. He feels—other things being equal—more strongly than another, the character of man as the lord of the inanimate world. On this great and wonderful sphere, which fashioned by the hand of God, and upheld by his power, is rolling through the heavens a portion of his; his, from the centre to the sky. It is the space on which moved generations before him in their round of duties, and he feels himself connected, by a visible link, with those who preceded him, as he is also, to those who will follow him, and to whom he is to transmit a home. Perhaps his farm has come down to him from his fathers. They have gone to their last home; but he can trace their footsteps over the daily scenes of his labor. The roof that shelters him, was reared by those to whom he owes his being. Some interesting domestic tradition is connected with every enclosure. The favorite fruit tree was planted by his father's hand. He sported, in his boyhood, by the side of the brook, which still winds though the meadow. Through that field, lies the path of the village school of his earliest days. He still hears from his window, the voice of the Sabbath bell, which called his fathers and his forefathers to the house of God; and near at hand is the spot where he laid his parents down to rest, and where he trusts, when his hour is come, he shall be dutifully laid by his children. These are the feelings of the owner of the soil. Words cannot paint them; gold cannot buy them; they flow from the deepest fountains of the heart; they are the life spring of a fresh, healthy, generous national character.

[Everett.

HEALTH OF CHILDREN.

Rising early is a habit of high importance to fix in children; and in forming it there is far greater facility than in other cases. There is a natural propensity in children generally to early rising, which needs only to be gratified and encouraged. They usually retire to bed some time before their parents, and at daylight or at least sunrise, are generally awake and anxious to rise. Many of them are actually bred up with difficulty to the habit of taking a morning nap, which when once formed, generally prevails through life. Let his father deny himself so far as to retire early and become an early riser also. His health, enjoyment, and usefulness, he may depend upon it, will be perceptibly benefited. And this may be connected with another preventive disease—active employment. The morning is the season for activity; the frame, invigorated by repose, is prepared for exertion, and motion gives pleasure. The pure atmosphere, so much more bracing than at other hours, so much sweeter and more exhilarating than the air of a confined chamber, has been prepared to be breathed, and like all nature's medicines, it is superior to any which science can produce. Early rising and early exercise may more properly be called food than medicine, as they are designed for daily use, and to protect us from disease rather than to remove it. Everything except mere sloth, invites us—nay, requires us—to train up our children to use them. The morning is the most favorable season for exercising the frame, as well as for making useful impressions on the mind and heart; and whoever tries to conduct the education of his child independently of this practice, will lose some of the most favorable opportunities.

PROGRESIVE POPULATION.

The territory of the United States is nearly as large as that of all Europe; its population, including that of the Aborigines and immigrants, may exceed 23,000,000, which is not a tenth part of that of Europe. In August, 1790, the United States contained nearly four millions of people, inclusive of abou 700,000 slaves. In 1800 there were 5,305,925 inhabitants; 7,239,814 in 1810; 9,654,596 in 1820; 12,866,020 in 1830; and 17,063,355 in Juie, 1840, of whom 14,189,705 were whites. Since the era of 1812 the area of the United States has more than doubled. During 25 years, to 1848, 1,588,872 persons have migrated from Great Britain and Ireland to North America, chiefy to the United States. In the year 1848 there irrived at the port of New York, 189,176 immigrants, of whom 98,061 were from Ireland, 5,978 from Germany, and 6415 from Scotland. The whole number of persons, not natives, who are now in the United States, is believed to be nearly four millions, or between a fourth and a fifth of the whole population.

In the year ending September 30, 1848, 229,483 passengers arrived in the United States, besides those via Quebec; 136,126 were males and 72,883 females. Of these only 19,299 landed at New Orleans. In 1847 and '48, 507,359 persons left the United Kigdom; in 1848 only 129,851.

Some think that the accession of population to the United States by immigration will soon reach 500,000 a year. Were our country filled up like Germany, 172 persons to the square mile, the population would be 500,000,000. Europe contained 183,000,000 inhabitants in 1847; in 1848 they had increased to 262 300,000 in the same area. Excess of population, enormous taxation, and the scarcity of subsistence, has driven millions to America within the last twenty years. At a former period, religious persecution banished thousands from otherwise happy homes.

In a few months we will have the decennial census of the United States for 1850, and we have seen a calculation making the population represented 21,027,527, and giving the Eastern States 25, the Middle, including Delaware, 58, Western, free, 50, Southern, or slave, 78, Representatives in Congress, at one member for 100,000 persons, 211, which is too small a number for the transaction of business, and one representative to 100,000 constituents by far too few.

Eighteen hundred and fifty-one will bring us a decennial return from the United Kingdom, which in 1841, contained 26,835,103 inhabitants, and may give a return of nearly 30,000,000 persons notwithstanding an emigration of more than a million in ten years.

VICISSITUDES OF MERCANTILE LIFE.

From an article in Hunt's Magazine we copy the following interesting statements. They afford a melancholy illustration of mercantile life:

"It is asserted that but one eminent merchant (and his death is still recent and lamented) has ever continued in active business in the city of New York, to the close of a long life, without undergoing bankruptcy, or a suspension of payments, in some one of the various crises through which the country has necessarily passed. I have no means of determining the truth of this assertion, but it must have some foundation, and I think it would be difficult for either of us to add to the number.

It is also asserted, by reliable authority, from records kept during periods of twenty to forty years, that, of every hundred persons who commence business in Boston, ninety-five at least, die poor; that, of the same number in New York, not two ultimately acquire wealth, after passing through the intermediate process of bankruptcy: while in Philadelphia the proportion is still smaller.

By the statistics of bankruptcy, as collected under the uniform bankrupt law of 1841.

The number of applicants for relief under that law were 33,789

The number of creditors returned 1,049,603

The amounts of debts stated 440,034,615

The valuation of property surrendered 43,697,307

If this valuation were correct, nearly ten cents would have been paid on every dollar due; but what was the fact!

In the southern district of New York one cent was paid, on an average, for each dollar due; in the northern district, 12 2-3 cents being by far the largest dividend. In Connecticut the average dividend was somewhat over half a cent on each dollar.

In Mississippi it was	6 cents to	$1,000
In Maine	¼ "	100
In Michigan and Iowa	4 "	100
In Massachusetts	4 "	100
In New Jersey	1 "	100
In Tennessee	4¼ "	100
In Maryland	1 dollar to	100
In Kentucky	9 "	1000
In Illinois	1 "	1,500
In Pennsylvania, East Virginia, South Alabama, Washington,	Nothing	

After making every possible allowance for the enhancement of this enormous amount of debt by inflation of values, speculative prices, &c., the proportion of the $400,000,000 lost by those of the 1,049,603 creditors who were engaged in proper and legitimate business, must still have been immense, and may justly be charged against the profits of our regular commerce.

Waterman's Patent Ventilated Refrigerator.

MY Patent Refrigerator is introduced to the public in full confidence that all the serious objections to the old ones are overcome, so far as they can be, without violating the laws that govern caloric. The principal improvements are the ventilator, double covers and valve. There are several minor improvements, which, when seen, will be readily appreciated. They are made in the most thorough manner, and lined with zinc of sufficient thickness to insure their duration.

WATERMAN'S PATENT HAND SHOWER BATH, AND IMPROVED BATHING PAN.

The Bathing Pan started on its mission of health and cleanliness from my establishment, fifteen years ago, since which, it has, by its own merits, worked its way to all parts of the civilized World, and thousands upon thousands have been sold, to those, who but for this invention, would have had no means of Bathing, owing to the expense and trouble attending the old bath tub and shower bath. My patent hand Shower Bath was invented and introduced as an adjunct to the Bathing Pan, thus allowing one to enjoy the luxury of a shower bath in the summer months, without being encumbered with the closet bath, the remaining nine months of the year, and has become a general favorite on that account.

WATERMAN'S PATENT LAMP TEA KETTLE.

Every year since the introduction of the Cooking Range, at the approach of Summer, I have had many, and urgent calls for an article to boil water in, without making a fire in the range. The above is the result of my endeavors to answer the call, and is to my entire satisfaction. It will be found both useful and economical in hot weather, to all who cook by Range, and at all seasons, to families that board either at Hotels or elsewhere. To Ladies keeping house in a snug way, and performing their domestic duties from *choice,* it is invaluable, and will answer for the Bachelor in his dreary lodging-room.

WATERMAN'S PATENT BROILER.

This article was invented for the special benefit of those who cook by Range, but experience has proved it to be equally beneficial when used on cooking stoves, or before the wood fire. It combines economy with convenience, and gives entire satisfaction to all who have given it a thorough trial, as it saves all the fat and juices of the meat, and prevents the unpleasant odor always attending the process of broiling by the old method.

N. B. Turn the steak frequently while broiling, and it will be the sweetest and better cooked.

WATERMAN'S HOUSE LANTERN.

That safety and convenience should prompt every housekeeper to have a lantern is an indisputable fact. The objections to those now in use, are, that when the glass is broken the remaining portion has to be thrown away (although it costs twice as much as the glass) and the top cannot be cleased of the soot that collects in it. My lantern is so arranged, that a new glass can be put in for the cost of the glass alone; and the top, being moveable, can be kept as clean as any other part, thus becoming a reflector, instead of an obstruction of light, as in the old ones. The top being flat, any vessel can be put thereon, where hot water will be always in readiness, in case of sickness during the night, or for the gentleman's shaving water in the morning, thus answering the double purpose of a nursery lamp and antern. (Regis. for Pat. 1848.)

WATERMAN'S FOUNTAIN COFFEE FILTER.

Through all the years of my experience as a Kitchen furnisher I have sought for a coffee machine, that the cook could manage, and always bring to the table pure extract of coffee without sediment, and have not found it; hence the necessity for improvement; the result, (after many experiments) is, the fountain filter, by which, cooks of the smallest intelligence can always put upon the table the purest coffee, with the least possible trouble to themselves and the most comfort to their employers. (Registered for Patent 1848.)

INFANTS' BATH TUB.

The utility of this article is so self-evident, that it has long been considered an indispensable appendage to the nursery,—its peculiar form making it easy for the child, and convenient for the nurse, it being light to handle and readily emptied, both ends forming a spout to pour from. Since its introduction (about the same time with my Bath Pan for adults,) I have not been called upon to make one of the old pattern, or after this in any way, it having given entire satisfaction as it was first made. The sale has been steadily on the increase ever since, and as it has been copied by many other manufacturers, it may be considered as having gained a worthy reputation, on the strength of its own merits.

The above named articles, invented by the subscriber, are manufactured and for sale at his Kitchen Furnishing Ware Rooms, 83 and 85 Cornhill, 6 and 8 Brattle and 73 Court street.

The place for all on the eve of housekeeping, and those already established, to procure every article appertaining to the kitchen department, of the best quality and at the lowest prices. Goods sent to all parts of the City and adjacent towns, free of expense to the purchaser. Those visiting the City by Railroad, can have their goods packed and sent to the Depot, to secure the evening train, by making their selection in the early part of the day.

jane9 7m NATH'L WATERMAN.

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We can show our Customers the largest and choicest stock ever opened in New England.

Purchasers of
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Can select from a stock of more than 60,000 dollars in value, and embracing every style for dress or comfort, from the cheapest to the most valuable article,

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We can show to our customers more than 1000 pieces, of the best styles in colors, and of the best fabrics in

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All of which were selected with an eye to both wear and style.

SILK VELVETS,

Of all widths and colors, and of the best Lyons manufacture

MOURNING ARTICLES.

Great care is used in the selection of our Mourning Stock, to which we invite special attention.

CLOAKS & CLOAK MATERIALS.

We have purchased a very large stock of Paris Cloaks and Mantilets, from the belebrated house of Madame Armonville, rue de Richelieu, Paris, which will be offered for sale at an early day. Our stock of Merinos, Thibets, Cashmeres, Paris Cloths, and other fabrics for Cloaks, is now open, and merits the attention of all the Ladies.

WOOLENS & STUFFS FOR BOYS,

This department of our stock was never so complete as now, and we advise all to buy early.

WHITE GOODS.

In this department will be found every style of White Muslins, Cambrics, embroideries, Laces, Trimmings, Linen Goods Furnitures, Flannels, Blankets, Quilts, Domestic, &c.

Great attention is given to all

HOUSEKEEPING ARTICLES.

DRESS GOODS,

We have received more than our usual variety of Printed Cashmeres, M. deLaines, and all other Dress Fabrics, down to the prettiest styles of Ninepenny Prints.

HOSIERY, GLOVES,

SCARFS, CRAVATS, HDKFS,

and a great many other articles in full assortment. The names alone of all the articles in each Department of our Establishment, would fill a good sized newspaper. We therefore invite purchasers of anything in the Dry Goods line to examine our stock before buying, which will be freely shown them, without their being rudely urged to buy.

LADIES' EXCHANGE,
September 25.
sep29. GEO W. WARREN & CO.

NEW YEAR OF
THE CHRISTIAN EXAMINER
AND RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY,
—EDITED BY—
REV. GEORGE PUTNAM, D. D., and REV. GEORGE H. ELLIS.

THE Publishers ask the attention of the public to THE CHRISTIAN EXAMINER, which commences a new volume with the number for January, 1850.

The Examiner is too well known to need an extended notice. Commenced in 1813 as the *Christian Disciple,* under the care of Dr. Noah Worcester, it has, since 1824, been continued as the *Christian Examiner,* having been at different times under the editorial charge of Rev. John G. Palfrey, D. D.; Rev. Francis Jenks; Rev. F. W. P. Greenwood, D. D., and Rev. James Walker, D. D.; Rev. William Ware; Rev. Alvan Lamson, D. D., and Rev. Ezra S. Gannett, D. D., until July, 1849, when it passed into the hands of its present editors. During all this time it has had the confidence and support of the Unitarian denomination, and has numbered among its contributors some of the most eminent men of the age.

The subscribers would ask the patronage of the public, for the periodical whose pages have given to the world the writings of *Worcester, Channing* and *Ware,* and which are still filled with the contributions of the best writers in the denomination.

*** Clergymen, or others, who will interest themselves in the circulation of the Examiner, shall receive a commission on subscribers sent us.

☞ The Examiner is published every two months in numbers of *one hundred and forty-four* pages each at *four dollars a year.* Specimen numbers furnished by the publishers.

CROSBY & NICHOLS,
dec15 tf 111 Washington st.

SUNDAY School Gift Books. CROSBY & NICHOLS, have just published,—Leaves for a Christmas Bough, by a Lady.

They are also publishers of the Two New Scholars, by a Lady.

The Glorious Stranger,—a collection of Stories prepared especially for a Sunday School Gift Book, by Mr. Pray, Mr. Mussey, Mr. Barry and others. The above will be sold VERY LOW by the dozen or hundred copies.
dec22 1is2os 111 Washington st.

Boston, Sept. 4, 1849.

HUBBARD WINSLOW would respectfully inform his patrons and friends, that he has purchased the house formerly occupied by Dr. John Ware, No. 6 Allston street, and is preparing it for the future permanent location of his SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES, to be resumed on the 24th of this month. He purposes limiting the school, in future, to 40 pupils, with a view to receiving no more than he can have constantly under his direct personal instruction. The rooms are very spacious and airy, and will be fitted up and furnished in the best style. A systematic, thorough, exact course of study will be pursued, such as to qualify young ladies for any situation as teachers, or as members of society. The most careful attention will be paid to their demeanor, and to their moral and religious culture.

Having directed all his studies, for several years, to the end of qualifying himself to teach in the best manner, the undersigned hopes for such results as will, in some degree, satisfy his long cherished desires.

The terms will be the same as heretofore: Twenty-five Dollars per quarter, for One Hundred Dollars per year, all branches included, payable semi annually in January and July.

Application may be made at No. 6 Allston street, head of Bulfinch street, at which place parents and guardians are invited to call to see the School Rooms, and confer with the principal. sep29.

COLLEGE AND SCHOOL TEXT-BOOKS—Published by D. APPLETON & CO., 200 Broadway, New York.

I. GREEK AND LATIN.—Arnold's First and Second Latin Book and Practical Grammar, 12mo, 75 cts—Arnold's Latin Prose Composition, $1—Arnold's Cornelius Nepos, with Notes, 12mo, $1—Arnold's First Greek Book, 62 cts—Arnold's Greek Prose Composition, 12mo, 75 cts—Arnold's Greek Reading Book, edited by Spencer, 12mo, $1 50—Beza's Latin Testament, 12mo, 62 cts—Livy, with Notes, by Lincoln, 12mo, $1—Cæsar's Commentaries; Notes by Spencer, 12mo, $1—Tacitus's Histories, with Notes, by Tyler, 12mo, $1—Tacitus's Germania and Agricola; Notes by Tyler, 12mo, 62 cts.

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